POEMS

ON

Several Occasions,

Together with a

PASTORAL.

By Mrs. *S. F.*

LONDON:

Printed, and are to be Sold by *J. Nutt*, near *Stationers-Hall.*

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12 1/2 1/2

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BRITISH MUSEUM

By Mrs. S. F.

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Stationers-Hall.

To the Right Honourable

CHARLES

Lord *Halifax*,

Auditor of Her MAJESTIES Exchequer, &c.

My Lord,

WAS not your Affability and Condescention, as Conspicuous as your other Graces, I durst not presume on your Protection of these Trifles, some of the first

Attempts of my unskilful Muſe. Moſt of the Copies being writ, 'ere I could write Seventeen; long they lay in a neglected Silence, and ne'er deſign'd to diſturb the World; but an unlucky Accident forc'd them to the Preſs, not giving time for that Examination and Correction, which might have made them, (tho' a ſmaller) yet more worthy Offering. My Zeal for your Lordſhip's Name has ever been ſo Great, I could not perſuade my ſelf to paſs by this opportunity, of acknowledging it to the World. Which may perhaps too juſtly Condemn my Lines, but unanimouſly will applaud my Judgment in the choice of a Patron, as the beſt of Poets and of Judges. And as ſuch the Repreſentatives of the Mu-

DEDICATION.

Muſes Addreſt to you, their Obſequies on the late Glory of their Parnaſſus; *a loſs my Lord, much o'erpaid by you, whoſe inimitable Lines, (the ſoft Diverſion of your more leiſure Hours) can Charm that World, which was the buſineſs of his Life to pleaſe; as for thoſe ſofter Copies which are Interſpers'd thro' the whole of mine, I hope your Lordſhip is of my Opinion, that where the Circumſtances do not make Love a Crime, the confeſſing it can be none. Beſides, our Sex is confin'd to ſo narrow a Sphere of Action, that things of greater Conſequence ſeldom fall within our Notices; ſo that Love ſeems the only proper Theme (if any can be ſo) for a Woman's Pen, eſpecially at the Age they were writ in;*

and ſome of them were done at the requeſt of Friends, without any other warmth than that of my officious Muſe. Excuſes and Encomiums are, I think, the common buſineſs of Dedications; but I have too many Faults to proceed on the firſt, and your Lordſhip too many Excellencies to dare venture on the latter: Your Fame is too Great and Extenſive to want or receive Addition from mine, or any the ableſt Pens, none but a Genius equal to your own, can do Juſtice to your Merit. Forgive, my Lord, a ſilence which proceeds from a profound Veneration of thoſe Noble and Divine Qualifications, which are beyond the Power of Rhetorick, and a Theme ſo truly Great, that even Eloquence itſelf

would

would want Expreſſion. Theſe Poems (except thoſe on Mr. Dryden,) *tho' writ long ſince, I offer to your Lordſhip with all their Priſtine Bloom, unſully'd by a vulgar touch, not handed round the Town for Opinion and Amendments; but juſt ſnatcht from their Recluſe in all their native Rudeneſs and Simplicity, preſume for Shelter from your hoſpitable Hand. They never were abroad before, nor e'er ſeen but by my own Sex, ſome of which have favour'd me with their Complements, and I was too much a Woman to refuſe them But, my Lord, I detain you from their Ingenious Lines, which I hope will make ſome Atonement for my Defects, and obtain a Pardon, at leaſt, for the Ambition of Publickly*

owning my value for your Lordship, and for begging your Protection, for your Lordship's

most Humble,

and Obedient Servant,

S. *F. E.*

To Mrs. S. F. *on her Poems.*

OH! ſay what happy Muſe informs thy Lyre,
Or do the ſacred Nine, thy Breaſt inſpire;
That thus we ſee in each judicious Line,
Nature and Art in beauteous Order ſhine,
The Numbers eaſy and the Thoughts Divine.
No more let haughty Man with fierce diſdain,
Deſpiſe the Product of a Female brain,
But read thy Works, there view thy ſpacious Mind,
Thy Reaſon clear, thy Fancy unconfin'd;
And then be juſt to thy immortal Fame,
And with due Honours celebrate thy Name.
In thy harmonious Strains at once admire,
Orinda's Judgment, and *Aſtrea*'s Fire.
Many are in Poetick Annals found,
Whoſe Brows with never fading Laurels bound,
For ſome one Grace were by *Apollo* Crown'd:

Of

To Mrs. S. F. &c.

Of generous Friendſhip, this compos'd her Song,
And that with Love ſtill Charm'd the liſt'ning (Throng.

Another in Philoſophy excells,
And pleaſing Wonders tunefully Reveals;
But thou alone on every Theme can'ſt write,
That task was left for thy ſuperior Wit.

J. H.

To

To Mrs. S. F. *on her Poems.*

HAil to *Clarinda*, dear *Euterpe* Hail,
Now we ſhall Conquer, now indeed pre-
(vail;
Clarinda will her charming Lines expoſe,
And in her Strength we vanquiſh all our Foes.
To theſe Triumphant Lays, let each repair,
A ſacred Sanction to the writing Fair;
Mankind has long upheld the Learned Sway,
And Tyrant Cuſtom forc'd us to obey.
Thought Art and Science did to them belong,
And to aſſert our ſelves was deem'd a Wrong,
But we are juſtify'd by thy immortal Song:
Come ye bright Nymphs a laſting Garland bring,
In never fading Verſe, *Clarinda*'s Praiſes ſing;
Read o're her Works, ſee how Genuine Nature fires,
Obſerve the ſweetneſs which her Pen inſpires.

From

To Mrs. S. F. *&c.*

From thence grow Wiſe, from thence your (Thoughts improve
Here's Judgment piercing Senſe and ſofter Love;
To idle Gayeties true Wit prefer,
Strive all ye thinking Fair, to Copy her.

H.

M. P.

To

To Mrs. S. F. on her incomparable Poems.

THou Champion for our Sex go on and ſhow
Ambitious Man what Womankind can do
In vain they boaſt of large Scholaſtick Rules,
Their skill in Arts and Labour in the Schools.
What various Tongues and Languages acquir'd,
How fam'd for Policy, for Wit admir'd;
Their ſolid Judgment in Philoſophy,
The Metaphyſicks, Truths, and Poetry,
Since here they'll find themſelves outdon by thee.
Thy matchleſs Thoughts, and flowing Numbers (ſweet,
And lofty Flights, in juſt Conjunction meet;
Thy mighty Genius can each Subject trace,
The beſt can equal and to none give Place.
Sappho the Great, whom by report we know,
Would yield her Laurels were ſhe living now,
And ſtrait turn Chaſt, to gain a Friend of you:

Of

To Mrs. S. F. &c.

Of you! to whom we all Obedience pay,
And at your Feet our humble Tribute lay,
Whilst all around, your Beams dart like the God (of Day;
We bask with Pleasure in your Glorious shine,
And read and wonder at your Verse Divine.

S. C.

To my Ingenious Friend Mrs. S. F. *on her Poems.*

COme ev'ry Muſe with Fire and Garlands too,
Inſpire my Breaſt adorn *Clarinda*'s Brow;
(Cypreſs and Mirtle with the Laurel twine,
Three Boughs of each, with Heavenly skill com-
(bine,
The myſtick Number ſuits the ſacred Nine,)
She does the force of every Paſſion tell,
None ever Lov'd, or Greiv'd, or Prais'd ſo well.
Sometimes ſhe ſoars aloft a *Pindar*'s height,
In a bright Track nigh loſt to human Sight;
Then gently ſlides into a ſofter Strain,
And does with Loves and Graces entertain:
In Panegyricks juſt to that Degree,
'Tis all complaiſant Truth, not nauſeous Flattery;
And when her Muſe Satyrick would appear,
'Tis without air of Spite, and yet ſevere.

Then

Then in deep Thought reflects on human kind,
And traces Fate thro' her myſterious Wind:
To ev'ry Theme ſhe does her Genius bend,
While every Art and Grace officiouſly attend.
Such ſacred Beauties grace her lays Divine,
Pæan's immortal Beams ſhine Bright in every Line;
In *Virgil*, *Ovid*, *Martial* we prefer,
Some ſingle Gift, but we have all in her.
Forbear by humble Muſe, thou art unfit,
To celebrate her various turns of Wit.
Let the ſoft Pen, who great *Paſtora* Mourn'd,
To more delightful rural Strains be turn'd;
And ſing *Clarinda*'s Fame, whoſe tender Lays,
Next to his own, deſerve immortal Praiſe.

E. C.

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On

On Friendſhip.

FRiendſhip (the great purſuit of noble Minds)
Paſſion in abſtract, void of all deſigns;
Each generous Pen, doth celebrate thy Fame,
And yet I doubt, thou'rt nothing but a Name.
Some pregnant Fancy, in a raptur'd height,
Produc'd this mighty notional Delight.
The Muſes virtuoſal Chymiſtry,
To turn all Fortunes to Felicity;
'Tis fancy'd well, and this I dare ingage,
Were all Men Friends, 'twould be the golden Age;
But tell me where, this Extract may be found,
And what Ingredients make the Rich Compound;
Or in what Soul, is true kindly heat,
That can this great Experiment compleat.
Sometimes a fond good Nature lights upon
A ſoft and civil Temper like its own;
Strait they reſolve to be thoſe happy things,
Which when combin'd, pity contending Kings:

Yet e'er they reach these sublimated Joys,
They'r poorly lost, in Treachery or Toys.
The mighty Notions of the exalted State,
Sink to a vulgar Commerce, or Debate:
Sure, like the Chymick Stone, it was design'd,
But to imploy the curious searching Mind,
In the pursuit of what, none e'er shall find;
Their Quality's I'm sure do prove all one,
Who trusts too much to either is undone.

The Extacy.

I.

MOunt, Mount, my Soul on high,
Cut thro' the spacious Sky;
Scale the great Mountainous heaps that be,
Betwixt the upper World, and thee.
Stop not, till thou the utmost Region know,
Leave all the Glittering Worlds below:
Then take thy Noble flight,
Into the sacred Magazine of Light,
View the bright, the Empyrean Throne
Of the great, the Almighty ONE.

All

All the Miriades of ſhining Hoſts ſurvey,
With the ſeraphick blazing Throng;
Celebrating their Eternal Day,
With an Eternal Song.
In vain my dazled Soul would gaze around,
(The beatifick Glorys ſo confound)
It muſt be quite diſrob'd, e'er tread this Holy Ground.

II.

Deſcend you daring Spirit, think 'tis fair,
If thou may'ſt traverſe the inferior Air;
Content with humbler Curioſities,
View the expanded the Skies,
With radient Worlds, 'tis richly deck'd,
By the Almighty Architect,
Mount *Charles*'s Wain,
Drive over all the Ætherial Plain,
And to augment thy Speed,
With blazing Comets laſh the Reſtive Steeds.
Make them neigh aloud and Foam,
Till all the Sky a Milky way become;
What tho' they Fret and Rage,
To paſs their wonted Stage.

Make them Praunce o'er all the amazing Place,
Quite to the empty Space,
And as ye go, ſee what Inhabitants there are,
In every World, of every Star;
Their Shape, their Manners and their State,
Write in Journals as ye go,
And to the inquiring Earth relate;
By dropping it below.
When weary'd with your univerſal round,
Let the Sphears harmonious ſound,
Refreſh and Charm your Spirits, till they be
Fit to fly back to their firſt ventur'd one Immenſity.
But oh! the Harmony's too ſoft, too ſweet,
The Eternal ſtrains too raviſhingly great,
I cannot bear ſuch Tranſports yet,
Well then, I'll leave theſe mighty heights and go
And over-look the little Globe below.

III.

In this Amphibious Ball, is vaſt variety,
To entertain my Curioſity:
Here the great Waters of the mighty deep,
Their fixt amazing Bounds do keep;

In vain they Rage and Roar,
But dare not touch on the reſtraining Shoar.
Here finny Herds of th' ſmalleſt ſort,
Safely Play and Sport;
Wanton I'th' Flood, with no more Danger then
The Paſtimes of Leviathan.
Here does in Triumph ride,
The ſtately Trophies of *Britania*'s Pride:
Her Ships which to the *Indies* Trade,
Such Noble Fabricks are made;
And ſo numerous appear,
The frighted Natives do our Traffick fear,
And doubt we will invade.
Securely too in theſe,
They viſit the Antipodes.
From *Britain* they, the courteous Race begun,
A piece of complaiſance unknown,
To all but civil *Drake*, and the obliging Sun.
Neptune with pompous Pride does bear
Thoſe glorious Terrors; Ships of War.
The floating Towr's they in *Battalia* draw;
Keep all the circling Realms in awe.
Yet theſe vaſt Bodies, the ſoft Waters bear:
So the great Bird of *Jove*, mounts in the trackleſs (Air.

On the ſmooth Floods, the ſwelling Billows riſe,
As if the liquid Mountains touch'd the Skies:
Then quick they plunged, with an Impetuous haſt,
And ſeem'd to ſpeak Deſtruction as they paſs'd,
Yet Arm'd with Avarice and Curioſities,
Men ſcorn the Dangers, of the threatning Seas.

IV.

Next on the ſolid Parts, I caſt my Eye,
Did vaſt ſcorcht Deſarts ſpie;
Which untamed Beaſts, and Monſters bred,
By them alone inhabited,
I ſaw huge Mountains of uncommon Earth,
Some belcht with Terror forth;
A ſulpherous Smoak,
Loud as amazing Thunder ſpoke,
From the unexhauſted Bowels came,
Aſhes and Stones, evacuated by Flame;
Remote from theſe are frigid Mountains too;
Thick cloth'd in fleecy Snow.
Some by reſtringent Air congeal'd as hard,
As if with Adamantine barr'd:

Stupen-

Stupendious Rocks of hideous Stones I found,
Whose dangerous Heads, lean'd o're the threaten'd (Ground.
Deep in Earths center, far from human sight,
Search'd with intellectual Light;
(Pierc'd to the gloomy Ray,
Where subterrenean Fires, in silence play,
Like the faint Glimps of an imprison'd Day.)
Where unmolested Streams with gentle force,
Press, to their Primeveal source;
And sometimes upward, gush thro' poreous Earth,
Give to the healing Baths, a useful Birth;)
In its more wealthy parts, the Minerals lay,
And ponderous Mettals, shining Nerves display;
In her bright Bowels, radient Gems remains,
Till cruel Man dissects, and rends her Saphir vains.
With Grief and Wonder I behold,
The Noble, but mischevious Gold;
Oh! with what Toil, and mighty Pain,
Men the inchanting Mettle gain.
This Tyrant Clay Lords it o'er human kind,
Tho' they themselves in dirt, at first the Monarch (find;

Lets their Stupidity, no more upbraid,
Who worſhipp'd Gods, which their own Hands (had made,
Since we're by Gold to greater Crimes betray'd.
Our Country, Faith, Friends, Honour for its ſold,
Nay, Heaven and Love, is ſacrafic'd to Gold;
We're worſe Idolaters, than they,
Who only Homage gave; ſince we miſchevioufly (obey

V.

Then the habitable World appear'd,
By Art, vaſt Towns and pompous Temples rear'd,
The pleaſing Fields, awhile detain'd my ſight
With a ſerene delight:
The flowry Meads, with various Colours dy'd,
And ſmiling Nature, in her verdant Pride;
Here ancient Woods, and blooming Groves,
(Fit receſſes, for celeſtial Loves,)
Where purling Streams, glide with delightful haſt,
On whoſe cool Banks, are ſpreading Willows (plac'd:
The chearful Birds ſing on the ſhading Bough,
In ſuch glad Notes, as Nature did beſtow.

The

The bleating Flocks and Herds, o'erſpread the (Plains,
And recompence the joyful Peaſants pains.
Here the unenvy'd Village ſtood,
Rais'd of native Clay, and neighbouring Wood.
The Inhabitants as void of Pride, or Art,
Bleſt with plain Diet, and an honeſt Heart;
Theys Plow'd the Ground, and Sow'd the pregnant (Grain,
Reap'd joyfully ; the plentious Crop again:
Innocent Slaves, to whoſe rude Care we owe,
The chief ſupports of Life, and utmoſt needs be- (low.
Remoter helps are Springs to Luxury,
Rich Wines and Spices, and the Tyrian die,
Do not our Wants, but Wantonneſs ſupply.
Here in his humble Cott, the Ruſtick lies,
Knows not the Curſe, of being Great or Wiſe;
Ambition, Treachery, and Fear,
Are Strangers here.
Secure and quiet they go plodding on,
Happy, becauſe too mean to be undone.

Then

VI.

Then I eſpy'd from far,
Troops of ſhining Men, ingag'd in War,
Their artful Weapons, are with Rage imploy'd,
And Man, by Man, is Savagely deſtroy'd:
Poor mercenary Slaves they die,
But ſeldom know for why;
Oh! what Confuſions here I cannot bear,
Theſe horrid Groans that reach my diſtant Ear
From ſlaugher'd heaps, of dying Accents there.
Sometimes waſt Towns in Flames appear,
Huge Caſtles mount, and ſhatter in the Air,
But ah! what pity 'tis,
Mankind ſhould Glory in ſuch Arts as theſe;
Then to the populous Cities, I repair'd,
Found they were little leſs inſnar'd;
Tho' not Alarm'd with mighty noiſe of Wars,
Yet curs'd with grating, private Jars,
Envy and Strife, Self-Intereſt, and Deceits,
Extravagance and Noiſe, her Fate compleats.
Then I ſurvey'd the ſplendid Court,
Found pageant Follies, Revelling and Sport,

Baſe

Base Falshood, Lust, Ambition, Emnity,
Soft wanton Intervals, and Luxury,
Destructive Flattery, and hateful Pride,
And all the City Sins beside.
Thinks I, what shall I do,
If I must live again below,
For I remember'd that I had been there,
And a return to Earth, did fear.
Grant ye bless'd Powers, said I,
If I must downwards fly;
I may Descend upon the blooming Plain,
Bless'd with the harmless Nymph, and humble Swain,
There let me ever undisturb'd remain.

On the Honourable Robert Boyl's, *Notion of Nature.*

'TIS bravely done, great *Boyle* has disen-thron'd.
The Goddess Nature, so unjustly Crown'd,
And by the Learn'd so many Ages own'd.

Re-

Refuge of Atheists, whose supine desire,
Pleas'd with that Stage, no farther will aspire:
It damps the Theists too, while they assign,
To Nature, what's done by a Power divine.
We know not how, nor where, to ascribe events,
While she's thus Rival to Omnipotence;
Sure that alone, the mighty Work can do,
The Power that did create, can Govern too:
It is not like our sublumary Kings,
That must be circumscrib'd to place, and things,
Whose straighten'd Power, doth Ministers Elect,
That must for them remoter business act,
The Omnipresence, of the Power Divine,
Argues it need no Deputies assign;
Nor is't beneath the Glory of his State,
To Rule, Protect the Beings he create:
But stop my Pen, blush at thy weak pretence,
'Tis *Boyle*, not thee, that must the World convince;
Boyle the great Champion of Providence.
Whose conquering Truths in an Inquiry drest,
Have celebrated Nature dispossest;
Not the Vice gerent of Heavens settled Rules,
But nice Idea of the erring Schools.

Fate,

Fate, Fortune, Chance, all notional and vain,
The floating Fictions of the Poet's brain;
The World rejects, yet ſtupidly prefers,
This wild Chimera of Philoſophers:
This more inſinuating Notion lay,
Unqueſtion'd till you made your brave Aſſay,
Which doth the daring Sceptick more confute,
Than a ſuſpected Orthodox diſpute.
They can't pretend Int'reſt, thy Lines doth Bribe
With which they cenſure, the Canonick Tribe:
'Twas Love of Truth alone, thy Pen did move,
Nor none but thee, could ſo ſucceſsful prove.
Methinks I all the School-mens Shades eſpy,
Tending thy Tryumphs of Philoſophy,
And all the pregnant Naturiſt of Yore,
From the Great Stagarite, to deſcartes and more;
Reſigning their Gigantick Notions now,
And only what you write for Truth allow.
See they have all their renounc'd Volumes brought,
(Bidding Mankind believe, what you have Taught;)
Aſham'd they've been, renown'd ſo many Years,
Each from his bluſhing Brow his Laurel tares:

With

With their own Hands, in one juſt Wreath they twine,
Adorning that victorious Head of thine.
And ſhall my Female Pen, thy Praiſe pretend,
When Angels only, can enough commend,
In Songs, which like themſelves, can know no End.

Satyr *againſt the Muſes.*

BY my abandon'd Muſe, I'm not inſpir'd,
Provok'd by Malice, and with Rage I'm fir'd,
Fly, fly, my Muſe from my diſtracted Breaſt,
Who e'er has thee, muſt be with Plagues poſſeſt:
Fool that I was, e'er to ſollicite you,
Who make not only Poor, but wretched too.
Happy I liv'd, for almoſt Eight years time,
Curſs'd be your Skill, you taught me then to Rhime:
The Jingling noiſe, ſhed its dark Influence,
On my then pleaſed, unwary Innocence,
I ſcarce have had one happy Moment ſince.

Here

Here all the Spite and Rage of Womankind,
Cannot enough advance my threatning Mind,
Let Furies too, be in the Consort join'd.
Passion, that common Rage, I here refuse,
Call Hell itself, to curse my Torturing Muse;
Not the calm Author of blest Poetry,
But the black Succubus of Misery:
There let her sit, with her Infernal Chyme,
And put the Schreiks and Groans of Fiends in (Rhime.
May their *Parnassus*, like *Vesevius* burn,
Their Laurels wither, or to Cypriss turn;
May Stuff like *Hopkin*'s Rhyme, degrade their (Fame,
And none but Ballad-makers use their Name:
May they despis'd, sad and neglected sit,
Be never thought upon by Men of Wit.
May all the Ills a fond Imperious Dame,
Wishes the Man that dare reject her Flame,
Light upon him, that does commit the Crime,
Of writing any thing, in jingling Rhime;
Nothing like that, to Dangers can expose,
May none be Happy, but what write in Prose.
Curse on the Whimsical, Romanick Fool,
That yielded first, to his Phantastick Rule;

That

That Wit like Morris-dancers muſt advance,
With Bells at Feet, and in nice meaſures Dance.
Let pregnant Heads, but think of Poetry,
And juſt before the Brain-delivery;
Fancy ſhall make a Prodigy of Wit,
Which ſoon, as born, ſhall run upon its Feet:
Sure, 'tis ſome Necromantick Ordinance,
That Sence, beyond the Circle mayn't advance;
Was all the learned Ancients Courage dead,
That Wit, in Fetters, is tame Captive led?
Had Some oppos'd, when Rhyme at firſt grew bold,
Then her Defeat, not Triumphs had been told?
But now the Plague is grown ſo populous,
'Tis hard to ſtop the univerſal Curſe.
Doubtleſs, they are miſtaken who have told
Spightful *Pandora*'s pregnant Box did hold
Plurality of Plague, She only hurl'd
Out Verſe alone, and that has damn'd the World.
Curſes, in vain, on Poets I beſtow;
I'm ſure, the greateſt is, that they are ſo;
Fate, ſend worſe if thou can'ſt, but Reſcue me
From trifling torturing wretched Poetry.

To the Queen.

MY trembling Muſe, with awful Duty preſs,
Mong'ſt kneeling crouds, with thy un-(feign'd Addreſs;
Since meaneſt Slaves, to Altars may repair,
With ſacred Rites, of Sacrifice and Prayer.
Heaven takes the Incenſe, if it is ſincere,
Freely as if the Great, had offer'd there,
Bleſs'd with ſuch hopes, my Muſe, with Proſtrate (Zeal,
Dare at the Feet of her great Sovereign kneel;
You I revere, like Heaven, not cauſe you'r high,
Not for your Glory, but Divinity.
The radiant Gems, that deck *Britannia*'s Crown,
Ne'er ſhone ſo Bright, till you had put it on;
You, who have condeſcended to a Throne.
In you kind Heaven, the unuſual Bleſſing brings,
Greatneſs and Goodneſs, are conſiſtent Things:
Your Subjects modeſt Merits your regard,
Virtue, not Impudence, now finds Reward;
Goodneſs like yours ſo aws the Bolder ſort,
As makes a Sanctuary of your Court.

All your Retinue, ſo reform'd appear,
As if the Golden Age, were Blooming here;
Fix'd like the Sun, ſuperior you diſpence,
On all the under World, your bliſsful Influence.
The Graces in your ſmiles, with Grandeur move,
And form an Air of Majeſty and Love:
Heaven be propitious to my Monarch's Arms,
And make them as Victorious, as her Charms,
Revenge on your proud Foes, their *Salick* Law,
With your fair Hand, their boaſted Greatneſs awe.
Why are we barr'd, or why I Woman made,
Whoſe Sex forbids to Fight, and to Invade,
Or give my Queen, more than my wiſh for Aid?
I ſhall not tremble, at the Launce, or Sword,
Will ſtrait turn *Amazon*, but ſpeak the Word;
Scarce can I curb, my eager loyal Soul,
For you I'd fight, Mankind from Pole to Pole,
Till all the Kingdoms, in one Empire meet,
Then lay the Crown at your Imperial Feet.
They'd bleſs the Arms, which did their Realms ſubdue,
And hug the Chains, which made them Slaves to you;
May you in Peace, long Rule your Native Land,
And the juſt Terror, of Ambition ſtand:

May

May every Subject you protect; Profess
As much as I, and dare to act no less.

The Liberty.

SHall I be one, of those obsequious Fools,
That square there lives, by Customs scanty (Rules;
Condemn'd for ever, to the puny Curse,
Of Precepts taught, at Boarding-school, or Nurse,
That all the business of my Life must be,
Foolish, dull Trifling, Formality.
Confin'd to a strict Magick complaisance,
And round a Circle, of nice visits Dance,
Nor for my Life beyond the Chalk advance:
The Devil Censure, stands to guard the same,
One step awry, he tears my ventrous Fame.
So when my Friends, in a facetious Vein,
With Mirth and Wit, a while can entertain;
Tho' ne'er so pleasant, yet I must not stay,
If a commanding Clock, bids me away:
But with a sudden start, as in a Fright,
I must be gone indeed, 'tis after Eight.

Sure theſe reſtraints, with ſuch regret we bear,
That dreaded Cenſure, can't be more ſevere,
Which has no Terror, if we did not fear;
But let the Bug-bear, timerous Infants fright,
I'll not be ſcar'd, from Innocent delight:
Whatever is not vicious, I dare do,
I'll never to the Idol Cuſtom bow,
Unleſs it ſuits with my own Humour too.
Some boaſt their Fetters, of Formality,
Fancy they ornamental Bracelets be,
I'm ſure their Gyves, and Manacles to me.
To their dull fulſome Rules, I'd not be ty'd,
For all the Flattery that exalts their Pride:
My Sexs forbids, I ſhould my Silence break,
I loſe my Jeſt, cauſe Women muſt not ſpeak.
Myſteries muſt not be, with my ſearch Prophan'd,
My Cloſet not with Books, but Sweat-meats (cram'd
A little *China*, to advance the Show,
My *Prayer Book*, and ſeven *Champions*, or ſo.
My Pen if ever us'd imploy'd muſt be,
In loſty Themes of uſeful Houſwifery,
Tranſcribing old Receipts of Cookery:

And

And what is neceſſary 'mongſt the reſt,
Good Cures for Agues, and a cancer'd Breaſt,
But I can't here, write my *Probatum eſt.*
My daring Pen, will bolder Sallies make,
And like my ſelf, an uncheck'd freedom take;
Not chain'd to the nice Order of my Sex,
And with reſtraints my wiſhing Soul perplex:
I'll bluſh at Sin, and not what ſome call Shame,
Secure my Virtue, ſlight precarious Fame.
This Courage ſpeaks me, Brave, 'tis ſurely worſe,
To keep thoſe Rules, which privately we Curſe:
And I'll appeal, to all the formal Saints,
With what reluctance they indure reſtraints.

To the Lady Cambell, *with a Female Advocate.*

GO, fatal Book, yet happy at the laſt,
Since in ſo fair, ſo kind a Hand thou'rt plac'd,
(That ſuch a Trifle, e'er ſhould be ſo grac'd.)
But your Deſires, which are to me Commands,
Can charm what e'er you pleaſe out of my Hands;

I rather than neglect obliging you,
Expoſe my Follies, to your nice view:
But hope your Goodneſs, will one Smile beſtow,
On what my tender Infant Muſe did do.
Scarce fourteen Years, when I the piece begun,
And in leſs time than fourteen days 'twas done;
Without deſign of Publication writ,
And Innocence ſupply'd, the want of Wit.
But ah! my Poetry, did fatal prove,
And robb'd me of a tender Father's Love;
(I thought that only Men, who writ for Fame,
Or ſung lewd Stories, of unlawful Flame,
Were puniſh'd for, their proud or wanton Crime.
But Children too, muſt ſuffer if they'll Rhyme:)
The Preſent is but mean, which you receive,
Yet coſt me more, than all the World can give,
That which I would, with Life itſelf retrieve.
But Madam, if your Goodneſs condeſcend,
And one kind Minute, on this trifle ſpend;
It will compleat my Happineſs at laſt,
And recompence for all my Sorrows paſt.

On my leaving London, June *the* 29.

WHat croſs impetuous Planets govern me,
That I'm thus hurry'd on to Miſery;
I thought I had been bleſs'd, a while ago,
But one quick puſh, plung'd me all o'er in Woe.
My cruel Fate, doth act the Tyrant's part,
And doth Torment me, with a lingering ſmart;
To make me ſenſible of greater Pain,
Lets me take Breath, then ſcrews the Rack again;
Ah! where's the Joy, of ſuch precarious Bliſs,
That for one ſmiling ſhort Parentheſis;
I muſt ſuch tedious horrid Pangs indure,
And neither State, will either kill or cure.
With all Submiſſion, I my Fate implore,
Deſtroy me quite, or elſe Torment no more;
At leaſt let not one glimps of Joy appear,
It only makes my Sufferings more ſevere.
No, here I'll Rule, not ſue to you for this,
You cannot tantalize me now with Bliſs;
For when you took, my Father's love away,
Perverſe as you, I'd not let others ſtay:
I was not ſo inſenſibly undone,
To hoord up Counters, when my Gold was gone.

Plunder'd of all, I now forſake the Place,
Where all my Joys, and all my Treaſure was,
Ah do not now, my wandering Footſteeps (Trace;
I left the Town, and all Divertiſement,
And in a lonely Village am content.
Nor do I ask to be remov'd from hence,
Tho' Man and Beaſt, are both of equal Senſe:
I had not fled, but ſtrongly forc'd by you,
In haſt bid Mother, Siſters ſad adieu.
I ſaw them laſt of all I knew in Town,
Yet all alike to me are Strangers grown;
I almoſt have forgot I e'er was there,
And the ſad Accidents that brought me here.
Ah Fate! purſue me not in this Retreat,
Let me be quiet in this humble Seat:
Let not my Friends know where to ſend to me,
Leſt I grow pleas'd with their Civility.
I'd fain live unconcern'd, not pleas'd nor croſs'd,
And be to all the buſy World as loſt.

The

The Repulse to Alcander.

WHAT is't you mean, that I am thus ap-
(proach'd,
Dare you to hope, that I may be debauch'd?
For your seducing Words the same implies,
In begging Pity with a soft Surprize,
For one who loves, and sighs, and almost dies.
In ev'ry Word and Action doth appear,
Something I hate and blush to see or hear;
At first your Love for vast Respect was told,
Till your excess of Manners grew too bold,
And did your base, designing Thoughts unfold.
When a Salute did seem to Custom due,
With too much Ardour you'd my Lips pursue;
My Hand, with which you play'd, you'd Kiss
(and Press,
Nay ev'ry Look had something of Address.
Ye Gods! I cry'd, sure he designs to woo,
For thus did amorous *Phylaster* do.
The Youth whose Passion none could disapprove,
When *Hymen* waited to compleat his Love;
But now, when sacred Laws and Vows confine
Me to another what can you design?

At

At first, I could not see the lewd Abuse,
But fram'd a thousand Things for your Excuse.
I knew that *Bacchus* sometimes did inspire
A sudden Transport, tho' not lasting Fire;
For he no less than *Cupid* can make kind,
And force a Fondness which was ne'er design'd;
Or thought you'd travel'd far, and it might chance,
To be the foreign Mode of Complaisance.
Till you so oft your amorous Crimes repeat,
That to permit you would make mine as great;
Nor stopt you here but languishingly spake,
That Love which I endeavour'd to mistake:
What saw you in me, that could make you vain,
Or any thing expect, but just Disdain?
I must confess I am not quite so Nice,
To Damn all little Gallantries for Vice;
(But I see now my Charity's misplac'd,
If none but sullen Saints can be thought Chast:)
Yet know, Base Man, I scorn your lewd Amours,
Hate them from all, not only cause they're yours.
Oh sacred Love! let not the World prophane,
Thy Transports, thus to Sport, and Entertain;
The Beau, with some small Artifice of's own,
Can make a Treat, for all the wanton Town:

I thought my ſelf ſecure, within theſe Shades,
But your rude Love, my Privacy invades,
Affronts my Virtue, hazards my juſt Fame,
Why ſhould I ſuffer, for your lawleſs Flame?
For oft 'tis known, through Vanity and Pride,
Men boaſt thoſe Favours which they are deny'd:
Or others Malice, which can ſoon diſcern;
Perhaps may ſee in you ſome kind Concern.
So ſcatter falſe Suggeſtions of their own,
That I love too: Oh! Stain to my Renown;
No, I'le be Wiſe, avoid your Sight in time,
And ſhun at once the Cenſure and the Crime.

To Mr. Norris, *on his Idea of Happineſs.*

I.

IF Pythagorick notions would agree,
With ſublimated Chriſtianity;
What mighty Soul, ſhall I allow,
Informs thy Body now;
For when did ſuch appear,
Sure the belov'd Diſciple's Soul is here.

Not

Not us'd ſince then, but kept above,
And taught a more extatick Love;
The Underſtanding more inlarg'd and free,
Each generous Faculty
Refin'd, Improv'd, made more compleat,
In the ſeraphick Seat.
The brighteſt warmeſt of th' exalted Quire,
Flaming with Rays of beatifick Fire;
Such ſeems thy elevated Soul to be,
And not the uſual ſort gave to Mortality.

II.

The great, the Eternal God of Love,
Took Pity on us from above;
He could no longer ſee,
Our Souls wrapt in Obſcurity:
But ſent thee like, a bright celeſtial Ray,
To clear our Sight, and to direct the Way;
To the Etherial Courts of Bliſs,
The only great, and laſting Happineſs.
The active native Principle of Love,
We found did move
By an internal Influence,
But 'twas toward ſome object of the Senſe:

Ef-

Effects and Cauſes were not underſtood,
We only knew we wiſht for Good,
And would with Joy each glimpſe purſue,
Reſolve to faſten there, and think 'twas true.
In vain we thought our Love was fixt,
For all thoſe Joys were intermixt
With Diſappointments and Deceit,
Our ſtrugling Souls themſelves did cheat:
Still they deſir'd and lov'd, but were not bleſt,
Nor found they Reſt,
Till thy bright Pen markt out the happy Prize,
Taught us at once to love and to be wiſe.

III.

Thou doſt diſect our weak diſtemper'd Soul,
Diſcover'ſt the Diſeaſe and mak'ſt us whole;
Preſcrib'ſt ſuch Methods, which if we obey,
We ſhall no longer doat on Clay,
Which long our vitiated Souls have fed,
But ſhall have Appetite to Celeſtial Bread.
We ſhall no longer fondly play,
With Trifles on the way,
But climb the Hill with a delightful haſt,
And feaſt our Souls at thy divine Repaſt.

But leſt, like doubtful or unthankful Gueſt,
We ſhould neglect the Royal Feaſt;
Thou, to incourage our appearance there,
Haſt kindly given us a Bill of Fare.

IV.

By powerful Energy of Thoughts divine,
Thou didſt thy Soul raiſe and refine,
With ſtrong Impulſe it did upward move,
Mounting on eager Wings of Love;
Through all th' inferior Courts it made its way,
To the bright Spring of everlaſting day;
Did all the amazing Glories ſee,
And what it ſhou'd hereafter be,
Saluted by the ſoft Seraphick Quire,
Who's Anthems all its Faculties inſpire,
But flaſht to mighty Rays of ſacred Fire.
For the refulgent Glories were too great,
It could not bear ſuch Raptures yet,
Till Immortality had made it more compleat:
It could no longer ſtay, no longer view,
Then down again it flew,
Did with Angelick Radiance ſhine,
Inſpir'd with Sapience divine.

It doth its bright Etherial Voyage tell,
And in what Bliſs departed Souls do dwell:
All this in pure and pregnant Elegance we hear,
Plain as Corporeal Organs can declare,
That when we read thy Lines we almoſt think
(we're there.

The Retreat.

ADieu to all the ſplendid Gallantry,
Complaiſant Pleaſures, modiſh Gaiety;
Airy Delights, imaginary Joys,
Faſhions, Entertainments, Wit and Noiſe;
To all the Follies of my former State,
All that's Genteel, or Popular, or Great.
I'll move no longer in this gaudy Sphear,
I've been gaz'd at enough, 'tis time to diſappear.
Without Concern, I'll leave the glittering Seat;
No, not the ſofteſt Sigh ſhall ſound retreat,
Leſt Fate ſhould over-hear, miſtruſt my Flight,
Purſue me now, and ſo undo me quite.
In theſe ſoft Shades, I no Misfortune fear,
For ſhe will never think to find me here;

My

My Joys, ſhall be by her no more betray'd,
I'll cheat her now, in this kind Maſquerade;
While ſhe in Noiſe and Crowds doth ſearch for (me
I'll lie Secure in ſafe Obſcurity.
A ſilent Village doth poor Pleaſures yield,
Or harmleſs Sports of the delightful Field;
Then all the pageant Glories of a Throne,
Luxurious Pleaſures of the wanton Town.
Here is the Copy of loſt Paradice,
The pure and ſpotleſs Quinteſſence of Bliſs:
All the ſafe Paſtimes Mankind can enjoy,
Which Innocence delight, but not deſtroy:
Here I am bleſt in theſe ſecure Abodes,
As once in Shades were the retiring Gods:
Theſe ſilvan Joys know no ſurprizing Strife,
This is to live, whilſt others ſpend a Life:
Here is the *Summum Bonum* of the Earth,
Here the renowned Poets had their Birth;
Or hither, from the noiſy World retir'd,
Here their great Souls, with noble Raptures fir'd.
Philoſophers of old, in Solitude,
Their own reſiſting Paſſions firſt ſubdu'd;
Then with good Precepts civiliz'd the Rude:

They

They knew a Court or City would moleſt
The calm Conceptions of a ſtudious Breaſt.
Here the *Mantuan* Swain gain'd all his Bays
To Solitude his unmatch'd Pen doth raiſe,
Differved Trophies of immortal Praiſe.
How many Monarchs weary of their State,
Have quit their Glories for a mean retreat;
Thought ſilent Shades far happier than Thrones,
That Garlands ſat much eaſier than Crowns.
Then why's the wond'ring World amaz'd at me,
For leaving Fraud and Infidelity?
The poor miſtaken World who places Joys
In ſplendid Popularity and Noiſe,
When after all it's Search it muſt conclude,
'Tis in a Friend, and well-choſe Solitude.

To who in Love, ſet a Figure.

IN vain alas ye ſearch your artleſs Books,
A lover's Fates writ in his Miſtriſs Looks;
Tis to no purpoſe that ye gaze ith' Skys,
There are no Stars like her propitious Eyes.
When Hearts are loſt to ſet a Figure vain,
None but the Thief knows if you'll hav't again.

Your *Venus* ask, not *Mercury*'s Aid intreat,
For he knows nothing of an amorous Cheat:
'Tis ſhe alone that can the Myſtery tell,
Read but her Looks they are infallible;
Conſult the upper World for Death and Wars,
She is Love's Heaven, her Eyes the only Stars:
Since her kind Influence hath attracted you,
She may admit of a Conjunction too.

To Philaſter.

GO perjur'd Youth and court what Nymph you pleaſe,
Your Paſſion now is but a dull Diſeaſe,
With worn-out Sighs deceive ſome liſt'ning Ear,
Who longs to know how 'tis and what Men ſwear,
She'l think they'r new from you; 'cauſe ſo to her.
Poor couſin'd Fool, ſhe ne'er can know the Charms
Of being firſt encircled in thy Arms.
When all Love's Joys were innocent and gay,
As freſh and blooming as the new-born day.
Your Charms did then with native Sweetneſs flow,
The forc'd-kind Complaiſance you now beſtow,
Is but a falſe agreeable Deſign,
But you had Innocence when you were mine,
And all your Words, and Smiles, and Looks divine.

How

How Proud, methinks, thy Miſtriſs does appear
In ſully'd Cloths, which I'd no longer wear;
Her Boſom too with wither'd Flowers dreſt,
Which loſt their Sweets in my firſt choſen Breaſt;
Perjur'd impoſing Youth, cheat who you will,
Supply defect of Truth with amorous Skill;
Yet thy Addreſs muſt needs inſipid be,
For the firſt Ardour of thy Soul was all poſſeſs'd
(by me

At my leaving Cambridge Auguſt *the* 14*th*, Extempore.

CAmbridge adieu! I ne'er ſhall ſee thee more,
Nor feaſt my Soul at Learning's mighty Store;
Not one freſh Drop of thy ambroſial Senſe,
To quench my Thirſt at learned *Cham*'s Expence;
Apollo's Fountain I muſt ever quit,
Who's only *Nectar* is the ſtreams of Wit;
I thy fair Colleges no more ſhall ſee,
Each *Greece*, *Rome*, *Athens*, in Epitomy;
The antient infant Learning which they taught,
Could only here be to Perfection brought;

They've finish'd all, each long hid Spring discern,
The Gods themselves may hover here and learn;
And if in every Grace they would advance,
Let *B*——give Wit, and *G*——teach Complaisance;
To th' sacred *Vatican* no more I come,
But grieve like *Ovid* when excluded *Rome*.

To Orabella, *Marry'd to an old Man.*

TEll me fair Nymph who justly had design'd,
A charming Youth to suit your equal Mind;
What did seduce you thus to match with one,
Whom if by Nature made she'll scarcely own?
For form'd so many Centuries ago,
She has forgot if he's her Work or no;
I think the way to do his Reverence right,
Is to suppose him a Pre-Adamite:
Your blooming Youth his Age beyond decay,
Will teach censorious Malice what to say,
Who spite of Virtue will your Fame betray.
What strong Persuasions made you thus to wed,
With such a Carcass scandalize your Bed?
Sure 't was no earthly Gain that charm'd you to't,
Nothing but hopes of Heaven should make me do't:

But

But ſince there's other ways to gain that Bliſs,
Diſpatching Martyrdom I wou'd not miſs;
To be ſecur'd, could I but 'ſcape from this.
The monſter Twin whoſe Brother grew from's Side,
With all the ſtench he ſuffer'd when he dy'd,
Is a juſt Emblem of ſo yok'd a Bride.
But Ptiſick, Gout and Palſie have their Charms,
And did intice you to his trembling Arms:
Kind amorous Glances from his hollow Eyes,
Did your gay Breaſt with rapturous Joys ſurprize
Ah! who can blame to ſee a yielding Maid,
By all theſe blooming Charms to Love betray'd.
Oh! for a veſtal's Coldneſs to reſiſt
The tempting Softneſs in ſuch Beauties dreſt.
The bright Idea ſoon diſſolves in Air,
And in it's room the Picture of Deſpair.
A moving Skeleton he ſeems to be,
Nature's antienteſt Anatomy.
Worth Obſervation, hang him up therefore
In *Greſham* College, and I'll ask no more.

To Alexis, *on his abſence.*

SAY, lovely Youth, why all this niceneſs ſhown,
Is modeſt Paſſion, ſo offenſive grown?
I'll not oblige too far, nor force my Charms,
To tempt your Coyneſs to my ſlighted Arms:
Give me but leave, with ſecret ſighs to Gaze,
And ſilent Joys, view that dear fatal Face.
I never dreſs'd, nor ſmil'd, us'd no ſoft Art,
No little Amorous cheat to win your Heart,
Nor knew in mine you had ſo great a Part;
Till from my Sight you cautiouſly remov'd,
Then, not till then, I knew how well I lov'd:
'Twas my Advice, you ſhould awhile abſent,
I ne'er deſign'd it for a Baniſhment.
But wiſely you, as if you fear'd your Fate,
Shun what you would not Love, and cannot hate;
Yet ſpite of all your Vanity and Care,
Know my *Alexis*, that I have you here:
Here in my Breaſt, your deareſt Image glows,
Warms every Wiſh, and ſoftens all my Vows.
Inſpires my Muſe, to wanton in your Charms,
And feaſt on Joys, which are deny'd my Arms:

In melting ſtrains, ſhe ſhall my Paſſion tell,
Deſcribe thoſe lovely Eyes, and Smiles ſo well;
Till every Nymph who my ſoft Lines ſhall ſee,
Sighs and Adores, and owns ſhe loves like me.
That Shape, that Mein, that dear undoing Tongue,
With thouſand unknown Charms ſhall fill my (Song,
To glad the liſtening World and make it laſt as (long.
With an Eternal blaſt the trump of Fame,
Will ſound *Alexis* and *Clarinda*'s Name,
Your matchleſs Graces, my unequall'd Flame.
You ſhall this fondneſs of my Muſe forgive,
And tho' not in my Arms, in my ſoft numbers live:
While warlike Heroes who are half Divine, (thine
Shall have their Glories ſung, in meaner Lays than

A SONG.

CUrſe on this Virtue Conſtancy,
Of which we're vainly Proud;
It like a Crime doth Torture me,
Since all my ſofter thoughts of Bliſs,
And ev'ry kind and tender Wiſh,
Is on a careleſs thankleſs Swain beſtow'd.

I with more eaſe could bear my Fate,
Forgive his Cruelty,
If ſtupidly our Sex he hate:
But he doth Smile on every Fair,
The partial Curſe I cannot bear,
For, oh he's kind! he's kind! to all but me.

Love.

LOVE, like Original Sin, in all does dwell,
Fools ſighs in private, and the Witty tell;
Boaſt they'r fond Paſſions in repeated Rhymes,
That other Reigning Miſchief of the Times:
The Learn'd aſham'd to own their Amorous Pain,
Vent the warm Raptures in a Pious ſtrain,
Sigh, Languiſh, Die, (tho' for a Mortal fair,)
In Lays Divine, like *Quarles* and *Arwaker*.

A SONG.

PHylaſter's grown unkind,
The lovely perjur'd Youth,
Tho' by ſacred Oaths confind;
Has now loſt all his Truth. He

He ſwore ten thouſand times,
By all the Powers above,
Wiſh'd they would revenge his Crimes,
If he was falſe to Love.

Yet, ſpite of all he's gone,
Fled my once dear Imbrace;
And now I muſt be undone,
For ſome new Shape or Face.
Ye heedleſs Nymphs beware,
How you receive my Swain,
Ah! believe not tho' he Swear,
For he will change again.

The ſullen part of Love,
Doth only Torture us,
When the Men pleaſe to remove,
They make ſome new Addreſs.
With Paſſion like ſoft Truths,
They court freſh gentle ſcorn;
We muſt wait till other Youths,
Do want to be forſworn.

To One who ſaid I muſt not Love.

Bid the fond Mother ſpill her Infants Blood,
The hungry Epicure not think of Food;
Bid the *Antartick* touch the *Artick* Pole:
When theſe obey I'll force Love from my Soul.
As Light and Heat compoſe the Genial Sun,
So Love and I eſſentially are one:
E'er your Advice a thouſand ways I try'd
To eaſe the inherent Pain, but 'twas deny'd;
Tho' I reſolv'd, and griev'd, and almoſt dy'd.
Then I would needs dilate the mighty Flame,
Play the Coquet, hazard my deareſt Fame:
The modiſh Remedy I try'd in vain,
One thought of him contracts it all again.
Weary'd at laſt, curſt *Hymen*'s Aid I choſe;
But find the fetter'd Soul has no Repoſe.
Now I'm a double Slave to Love and Vows:
As if my former Sufferings were too ſmall,
I've made the guiltleſs Torture-Criminal.
E'er this I gave a looſe to fond Deſire,
Durſt ſmile, be kind, look, languiſh and admire,
With wiſhing Sighs fan the tranſporting Fire.

But

But now these soft Allays are so like Sin,
I'm forc'd to keep the mighty Anguish in;
Check my too tender Thoughts and rising Sighs,
As well as eager Arms and longing Eyes.
My Kindness to his Picture I refrain,
Nor now imbrace the lifeless lovely Swain.
To press the charming Shade tho' thro' a Glass,
Seems a Platonick breach of *Hymen*'s Laws,
Thus nicely fond, I only stand and gaze.
View the dear conq'ring Form that forc'd my Fate,
Till I become as motionless as that.
My sinking Limbs deny their wonted Aid,
Fainting I lean against my frighted Maid;
Whose cruel Care restores my Sense and Pain,
For soon as I have Life I love again,
And with the fated softness strive in vain.
Distorted Nature shakes at the Controul,
With strong Convulsions rends my strugling Soul;
Each vital String cracks with th' unequal Strife,
Departing Love racks like departing Life;
Yet there the Sorrow ceases with the Breath,
But Love each day renews th' torturing scene of
(Death.

On the death of dear Statyra.

BEgone my Muſe, Tears quench thy ſacred (Fire,
True Grief, like Love, without thee can inſpire.
Mod'rate Sorrows may be told with Art,
But the Diſtractions of my troubled Heart
With ſad Confuſion I muſt needs expreſs,
My Verſe will, like my Sighs, be numberleſs.
Ah, cruel Death! why was't thou ſo ſevere,
To take the Young, the Witty, and the Fair,
The gay *Satyra* in her blooming days;
Could no leſs Feaſt ſerve thy luxurious Jaws?
Would not the old or diſcontented do?
Thoſe whom Misfortune forc'd to wiſh for you.
No thoſe I by experience find you fly; (muſt dy.
And 'tis not thoſe we would, but thoſe you pleaſe,
Guide me, ſome Friend, if I have any one,
Whom Grief has ſpar'd ſince dear *Statyra*'s gone:
Lead me, I ſay, to ſome ſad Cypriſe ſhade,
Dark as the Grave of the once lovely Maid;
There let me ever mourn the Friend I've loſt:
Ye Gods, why was *Statyra* made a Ghoſt?

I can

I can no more gaze on that charming Face,
Hear that ſweet Voice, nor have one dear Imbrace;
View that ſoft Air and Mien, and ſport and play,
As we was wont on Summer-banks each day.
Ye pleaſant Walks whom ſhe ſo oft did grace,
Who's Charms did dart a Glory round the place.
Keep on your diſmal Hue, let not the Spring
Put on your freſh Attire, nor Summer bring.
The leſs gay verdant Look ye Birds be ſtill,
Sound not one Note unleſs ſad *Philomel.*
Each lofty Tree hang down your ſtately Head,
Bud forth no more now gay *Statyra*'s dead;
But let your naked Boughs be ever join'd
In murmuring Sorrows with the ſighing Wind:
No Blow, no Wind to move the yielding Bough,
My louder Sighs will do that Office now.
Keep back your force ye Springs that grace the (Woods,
My Tears alone will ſwell you into Floods:
And all too little for the Friend I grieve,
Now ſhe is gone 'tis not worth while to live.

On being —— tax'd with Symony.

HEnce ye prophane Intruders, what d'e mean,
To pry in ſecret Things that mayn't be ſeen?
Your Paſtor wonders at your Inſolence,
'Tis Treaſon 'gainſt your Eccleſiaſtick Prince.
Pulpits no more than Crówns muſt be prophan'd,
And if poſſeſs'd, not queſtion'd how obtain'd:
With-hold your Hands, rend not the ſacred Veil
Of his *Sanctorum*, leſt his Prieſthood fail.
The mighty Myſteries he ſo long conceal'd,
Will be by Lay-mens impious means reveal'd:
Sure, you'll not dare the Secret to pronounce,
No more than Jews their *Tetragrammatons*.
Yes, it is out the ſymonaick Sound,
With Horror doth the frighted Prieſt confound:
Sure, the laſt Trumpet can't amaze him more,
For he till then had ſet it on the Score;
In vain he'll to the Horns of th' Altar fly,
(*Alias* his Patron) for Security:
They'll drag him thence, that is no ſacred Hold,
Since tip'd by him with ſymonaick Gold:
Had they been guided by the Patroneſs,
She kindly had contriv'd the Danger leſs:

No

No avaritious Zeal her Soul did move,
For she was nobly guided by her Love:
Thought Youth and Wit sufficient to prefer, (her.
They were more tempting Things than Gold with
But now the Favourite must his Purchase quit,
And live, not by his Learning, but his Wit.

An occasional Copy, in Answer to Mr. Joshua Barns, *Extempore.*

GO my proud Muse, yet thanks submisely yield,
Not from obliging, but obliged Field;
Since mighty *Barns* doth Complement thee so,
The World will sure some little Pride allow.
He who's great Pen and elevated Sense,
Can grace the Acts of an Heroick Prince;
Yet condescends to celebrate thy Name,
Whose approbation is sufficient Fame.
What need was there to send it by a Friend?
Sure *Barns*'s Verse itself can recommend:
Sent by a Foe my Rage you had beguil'd,
And for its sake I had been reconcil'd.

How

How ſhould your Fancy be inſpir'd by me,
Thou pregnant Author of beſt Poetry.
The fruitful Fields do ſtock the Barns each Year,
My barren Muſe cannot allow it here:
She is but Poor, and been ſo long retir'd,
She could not write until by you Inſpir'd.
Heaven has not giv'n Woman higheſt Wit,
But you good Nature to ſpeak well of it;
I wiſh I did deſerve the Praiſe you give,
Then like your Verſe I ſhould Immortal live;
But thus I take your Lines they ſpeak to me,
Not what I am, but what I ought to be.

Song on Madam S——.

THO' the Amorous Beau,
So courtly and fine,
Admire a Dreſs,
And Face of fifteen.

Let *Orinda* but ſpeak,
Her Tongue will ſurprize,
And make him her Slave,
Spight of *Celia*'s bright Eyes.

Was she o[illegible] deform'd,
Her Wit and [illegible] Air,
Would conq[illegible] more Hearts,
Than the Young and the Fair.

Those Charms are more noble,
The Lovely and Kind
May vanquish the Body,
She conquers the Mind.

The Fate.

TEll me ye partial Power that wound our (Hearts
Why strike ye not with sympathizing Darts?
LetNymph andSwain be warm'd with equal Fires,
Not thus half-link Aversion and Desires.
Sure you delight to see us fondly crave
ThoseJoys, some other thankless Wretch must have.
Thus Love the sacred source of Unions crost,
And we perplex'd with what should please us most.
I would not rashly your Decrees prophane,
But am too much concern'd not to complain.

The wealthy *Strephon*'s pa[illegible] my Feet,
Tis I alone, that can his [illegible]mpleat.
Yet with proud Scorn his d[illegible]ghs repay,
Find all my Softneſs forc'd [illegible] way.
In gay *Exalis* centure all m[illegible]s,
Nor have a Thought but w[illegible]ntirely his:
Careleſs of me, he does for *Cloe* ſue,
Who ſlights him; and to *Damon* does reſign.
Thus *Strephon* for *Larinda* almoſt dies,
But ſhe can only ſoft *Exalis* prize,
He dotes on *Cloe*, ſhe for *Damon* ſighs.
Gods! tis too hard all Love yet all muſt part,
By ſome nice Touch turn every other Heart;
But if too cruel to redreſs us all,
To my *Exalis* let your Bleſſing fall.
On *Cloe* or *Larinda* the Change muſt be,
Grant I may pleaſe like her, or elſe ſhe love like me;
For either way will eaſe my grateful Breaſt,
So our *Exalis* will but think he's bleſt.

A SONG.

HOW pleasant is Love,
When forbid or unknown;
Was my Passion approv'd,
It would quickly be gone.

It adds to the Charms,
When we steal the Delight;
Why should Love be expos'd?
Since himself has no Sight.

In some Silvan Shade,
Let me sigh for my Swain;
Where none but an Eccho,
Will speak on't again.

Thus silent and soft,
I'll pass the Time on;
And when I grow weary,
I'll make my Love known.

On a Gentleman and his Wife viſiting a Lady. He ſleeping the while. Extempore. *Spoke by* Morpheus.

PArdon, fair Nymph, I durſt exert my Power,
Invade your Rights in a facetious Hour;
With gentle Slumbers ſeal thoſe wondring Eyes,
That might; unweary'd on ſuch Beauties gaze:
My Strength had fail'd had not your Forces joyn'd,
And your own conquering Charms firſt ſtruck him blind;
Your ſofter Graces did his Soul intrance,
Or I in vain ſhould to the Sence advance.
All the Myſterious One I did not ſeize,
But ſpar'd that part which was moſt like to pleaſe;
She whoſe diverting Tongue could entertain,
With choice Collections from each Poet's Brain:
But ſee my Fetters could not bind him long,
He humbly ſues for Pardon and a Song,
From your ſoft Voice which turns the Soul to Ear,
And drouſie as I am, I'll ſtay to hear:
If I with Nods ſhould to the Tune keep time,
It is at worſt, but a complaiſant Crime:
Oh with what Joy! my Godhead I'd forſake,
Might you for ever Sing, and I for ever Wake.

The Vision.

QUite weary'd with the buſineſs of the Day,
To unfrequented Shades I took my way,
And by a murmuring Stream ſupinely lay.
Soft thoughts confuſedly revell'd in my Breaſt,
Till by compoſing Slumbers I was bleſs'd.
Huſht was my Sences as the unhaunted Grove,
And all the Viſion of my Soul was Love;
Methoughts I ſaw a ſoft Celeſtial Youth,
Whoſe Eyes ſpeak Love, and ſmiles Eternal Truth:
Gay as the Spring in all its vernal Pride,
With Amorous Joy ſit panting by my ſide.
I gaz'd with Wonder at a Form ſo bright, (ſight;
And thought ſome Sylvane God had bleſs'd my
With equal Scruple, Zeal and Paſſion mov'd,
If he ſhould be ador'd or be belov'd.
His Eyes and Smiles darted refin'd delight,
As if Heavens glowing Glories touch'd the ſight;
A thouſand Charms his flowing Locks beſtow,
For every Curl's inevitably ſo:
His welcome Head on my kind Boſom laid,
On a ſoft Flute delightful Airs he play'd.

Mean while such dear undoing looks he cast,
And every Note with artful Motions grac'd:
No Youth e'er seem'd so softning and Divine,
Sure he was made for Love, at least for mine.
Then was his Pipe out-rival'd by his Voice,
As when he Play'd all other Musick was:
A Mein so Gay and Shape that rivals *Joves*,
His Hand more soft than down of *Venus* Doves.
Her young *Adonis* had not half his Charms,
When he most pleasing fill'd her pressing Arms;
So kind he look'd, such tender things he said,
With eager Joy I grasp'd the lovely Shade.
The fleeting Charmer soon dissolv'd in Air,
I search'd around but could not find him there,
(Then to the Grove sigh'd Love and loud despair.)
It was *Alexis* form I did pursue,
My conscious Soul took the sad Omen too;
Cry'd out the lovely Youth forsakes my Breast,
And will be never but in Dreams possest.

The Power of Love.

IN this ſoft Amrous Age now Love is grown,
The modiſh Entertainment of the Town,
And the fond Beau loves his half ſcore aday,
The Ladies too almoſt as Vain as they;
Spare me, ye cruel Powers, let me not prove,
The only Victim of a laſting Love.
I had my ſhare three tedious Years a Slave,
And knew no Joys but what *Phylaſter* gave;
When ſpite of Vows he prov'd unjuſt at laſt,
In diſtant Shades contending Months I paſt,
Thought I could ſee the Youth at my return,
With gay Indifference and Unconcern.
I long'd to know the Temper of my Heart,
And ſee if Paſſion could outlive deſert;
But this my Curioſity has won,
To know alaſs! I am again undone:
I thought my ſelf with Reſolution bleſs'd,
But the ſoft Gods came crouding to my Breaſt.
The ſporting Boys delight in Amorous Pain,
And flock'd in haſt to Revel here again;
With downy Wings they Fan the couchant Fire,
And every Spark revives with freſh deſire:

To Marcella.

I Gaze and Sigh, and wish I'm just the same,
As the first Transports of my blooming Flame.
Almighty Love thy Power to me is known,
Without new Tortures I'll thy Godhead own;
But if I'm doom'd to Love may my Fate be,
(Rather than him) to love each Face I see.
'Tis Sin against the custom of the Nation,
To love but one and all this while with Passion,
I'd rather be the shifting Fool in Fashion.
Then if I'm tortur'd with Variety,
I shan't be blam'd for Nonconformity.

To Marcella.

IN this so wanton and debaucht an Age,
We come to find out Virtue on the Stage;
By a promiscuous Choice it can't be done,
Our nicer Fate compels to You alone.
You, who's triumphant Virtue doth declare,
That Women can withstand the fatal Snare
Of vast Temptation, when she's Young and Fair.
In you the ancient Miracle we see,
(Tho' here we can boast but of One to Three)

Unhurt

Unhurt amidſt the mighty Flames you move,
The wond'ring Gazers only Martyrs prove;
Of all your Sex Great *Albion* muſt prefer
You the chaſt *Lucrece* of her Theater.
Ye yielding Nymphs now you have no excuſe,
Nor blame the Beaus you did your Honour loſe;
For your Defence your ſoftneſs is expreſt
With (oh ſuch Charms! no Woman can reſiſt).
Yes Woman can in this fair Maid we ſee,
Contempt of all their Love and Gallantry;
Wit, Youth and Beauty, does this Lady bleſs,
She's made for Love and fitted for Addreſs:
While Crowds of Slaves ly ſighing at her Feet,
She bravely ſcorns what you would run to meet.
Among them all doubtleſs there's more than One,
Charming as thoſe by whom you were undone:
The Soft, the Gay, the Great, the knowing Man,
Have try'd all ways Wit, Wealth, or Paſſion can,
To gain this Fair who ſtill her Heart ſecures,
Unmov'd ſhe ſtands, ſlights all their ſoft Amours,
What would you give the Scene of Love were (yours?
I know your Spite imputes it to her Pride,
Be't what it will her Honours juſtify'd:
Her Virtue is the greater Miracle,
To ſtand with that by which the Angels fell.

Hail,

Hail, lovely Maid, who contradicts the times,
Your Virtue wears a Vail like others Crimes:
How do your Eyes and Tongue bely your Heart,
When languishing you play the amorous part,
And softly fold your seeming loving Arms,
And speak and look a thousand killing Charms?
Fair, soft Deceiver, oh! were I the Men,
I'd give the World you was in earnest then;
Your pleas'd Spectators with such Joys you bless,
They wish your Virtues or your Charms were less.

The Invocation.

With some auspicious Aid ye Pow'rs above,
Help to support the weight of slighted Love.
I ask not Rage to curse the daring Man;
That by Instinctive Power all Women can,
But keep me mild as when Love first began.
'Tis the malignancy of low desire,
That with neglect turns to revengeful Fire:
But my great Passion, like Æthereal Flame,
Without Supply can ever burn the same;
Love glows in every Atom of my Frame.

Sparkles

Sparkles in every Thought, flames at my Heart,
Like the extenſive Soul it does exert;
'Tis all in all, and all in every part.
From his cold Breaſt no languid warmth I want,
His Fires when at their height to mine are faint,
Yet my hard Fate forces this ſoft Complaint.
That ſo much Truth is unreguarded loſt,
And we have leaſt when we deſerve it moſt.
Oh! was I fickle as the reſtleſs Wind,
Or as the wiſer part of Woman-kind:
Then for the Charmer I'd no longer mourn,
But treat his Negligence with equal Scorn.
He ſhould no more my ſlighted Favours wear,
But from the ſighing Crowd that deaf my Ear,
I'd chooſe ſome kinder Youth and fix 'em there.
But oh! my tender Soul too weak does prove,
Either to change or bear the force of Love;
Too ſure 'tis doom'd by my relentleſs Fate
That I muſt love and ſink beneath the weight.

On the Author of Religion by Reason, or the Light of Nature a Guide to Divine Truth.

HAil, modeſt Author, who obſcure do'ſt lie,
But to prevent our fond Idolatry;
Thou'ſt baffl'd all the Writers of the Age,
Who's active Pens reach the ten thouſandth Page:
And doth commit with ſo much Induſtry,
Their Names in Folio to Poſterity.
Who's wire drawn Notions and expanded Senſe,
Swell a great Volume with as great Expence;
Which when we've read the whole Prolix deſign,
Contains not half that's in one Page of thine.
Nay, chooſe the beſt in thy ſmall Tract we ſee,
A thouſand of them in Epitome;
Our way of Study is by Contemplation,
Revolving Thoughts in the mind by dull Suceſſion
But yours ſeems Angel-like pure Intuition.
To what perfections Orthography brought,
How could you write in Words ſo like your Thought;
Truths ſo Divine in ſo refin'd a Stile,
Sure Angels view with a conſenting Smile:

Let

Let the bold Atheist read thy Noble Line,
In every Leaf he'll see a Power Divine.
Not long Disputes confounding the intent,
But subtle clear convincive Argument;
Had *Hobs* but seen it, that bold daring Man,
Himself had burnt his own Leviathan.
What sceptick Scruples can in Man be rais'd,
But by your Conquering Truths may be appeas'd?
The *Persian* Sophi and the papal Chair,
Usurp what Heaven doth sure on you confer.
The careful Student need not any more,
Waste Purse and Time to turn great Volumes o'er,
Your well fraught Book in which all Truths agree,
Will be itself sufficient Library.

On Atheism.

TELL me, ye daring Atheist, what's your End,
To what sure Point do your Debauches tend?
You would be happy and secure it here,
And have no Glymps of future Worlds appear;
Your Minds scarce doubt, but Crimes Reversion (fear.
Who

Whoever knew a sober Atheist yet?
'Tis the Extravagance of floating Wit,
Buoy'd up with Wine and sensual Apetite.
That Wine can uncreate by all's confest,
Unmakes the Man, and levels him with Beast:
What is't they would not give the Change were true?
For they with Doubts do all their Crimes pursue;
They are more plagu'd to curb the Thoughts of Hell,
Then all the Self-Denials to live well.
No Man at first to Atheism inclin'd,
He takes that Refuge after he has sin'd;
Bold in his Crimes untill he can't repent,
Then strives to think there is no Punishment:
Lull'd in lewd Pleasures from Devotion free,
We call him Atheist, *Alias* Debauchee.
Where is the Happiness they so much boast,
Their Joys are in their Consequences lost?
Women and Wine their greatest dear Concern,
But cheat their Hopes and make an ill Return;
Raptur'd with Charms of his deluding Fair,
Oh! the Delights and Bliss he centers there;
And in carouzing with lascivious Songs,
And all the Frolicks which to Wine belongs.

These

These are their *Summum Bonum*, here they're bless'd,
In those wild Joys that sting while they'r possess'd;
Their Disappointments Pride and Jealousy,
Are more severe than Fast and Mortify;
A hectoring Rival or Decease at last,
Fully revenge the gay Delight that's past;
The Pains and Qualms that wait a drunken Fit,
Severely scourge the Gust of Appetite;
They're punish'd here, and if there is no Hell,
(As they would fain believe but cannot tell.)
We have the best on't for we're Happy now,
Our Joys no torturing Excess allow;
Pleas'd and secure amidst our Bliss we move,
And with just Transports hope for more above;
In this we're bless'd, and since it lasts as long
As Life, what matter tho' we'er in the wrong?
We'er Happy whilst we are, and shall not know
If we mistake, whether we did or no;
If you'r in th' wrong, your Error more perplex'd,
You'r plagu'd in this World to be damn'd i'th' next,

On a Sermon Preach'd Sept. *the 6th,* 1697. *on theſe Words,* You have ſold your ſelves for Nought.

WIth *Grotius* on *New-Teſtament* yo've done,
And choſe Authentick *Coke* and *Littleton*;
The latters Tenures did inſpire your Brain,
To vent your ſelf in legiſlative Strain:
Where you each nice Diſtinction did purſue,
The Bargain, Sale, and the *habendum* too.
It was not done by Leaſe or Mortgage then,
To be redeem'd as you told how and when;
By Deed of Feoffment we had paſſed away,
For nothing too our Tenement of Clay;
And that the Devil who the Purchaſe bought,
He nothing gave nor nothing had he got.
On this you Cant (awhile) at laſt recal,
Cum Pertinentiis, he had gotten all;
When of the Goſpel you make Law take Place,
Statues may well get upper-hand of Grace:
Sure you the Primitive deſign have miſt,
Joſhua muſt yield to an Evangeliſt.
But *Littleton* in you has got the ſtart,
Did'ſt know if thou in Church or Temple were't?

Tho'

Tho' you ſo Zealouſly the *Non-cons* hate,
Methinks too like the *Pro* and *Cons* you Prate,
The Sermon is at beſt but a Debate:
Inſtead of Proofs you bring us Preſidents,
Need more the Judges than the Saints conſents.
You Declare, Plead, Join Iſſue or Demur,
Then ſell at laſt with (*comè ceo Sur*;)
Fatal Defeazance, for if you Preach ſo,
Your Hearers may remain in *Statu quo*:
So far you on the legal Rights intrench,
We ſcarcely know your Pulpit from the Bench.

A SONG.

WHen firſt I ſaw *Laurinda*'s Face,
I bleſs'd the dear Surprize,
For there was ſporting every Grace;
Love wanton'd in her Eyes.

A thouſand ways ſhe has to move,
Not Looks and Smiles alone,
Her Shape and Mien might Conquer *Jove*;
And make the God her own.

But oh! the Fair displays her Charms,
For Conquest, not Delight;
Proudly denies those lovely Arms,
To which her Eyes invite.

On my leaving S——y.

S——y thou dearest soft Retreat adieu
Methink I tremble at the leaving you;
You, whose safe Harbour kindly did receive,
My Shipwrack'd Vessel and gave means to live:
With Gilded Stern and Gaudy Sails I mov'd,
Fraught with this Wish, be Great and be Belov'd.
My Pageant Bark undauntedly I steer'd,
No Rocks nor Wind, nor Enemies I fear'd:
Young and unskill'd in this unlucky Sea,
For want of Ballast, Storms did ruin me.
That blast of Hell, rude spiteful Pop'ler breath,
Tore all my Sails and threaten'd sudden Death;
There was no casting Anchor in this Storm,
That was but Ruin in another Form:
For hope was all the lading I could boast,
Thus was I most inevitably lost.

Left

Left to the Mercy of the faithleſs Winds,
My tatter'd Bark no friendly ſhelter finds;
Till ſome kind Star dear *S*——*y* mark'd out thee,
For her repairer and ſecurity.
'Tis true, thou couldſt not fit her out again,
With Maſts and Tackling for the mighty Main;
But as a Pleaſure-Boat in thy ſmooth Streams,
(Happy defect that keeps from ſuch extreams,)
Where no rough Winds but a ſafe Oar commands,
And if I pleaſe at each bleſs'd Shade ſhe Lands.
There on a verdant Bank I ſet me down,
Contemn perſuit of Paſſion and Renown:
At all my former daring Follies ſmile,
And bleſs the Storms that blow'd me to this Iſle;
The Fortunate to me, and doth contain,
Thoſe ſolid Joys, I elſewhere ſought in vain.
But ah! the Fates again do ſummon me,
To the loath'd Ocean Popularity;
Guard me ye Gods with this one Bliſs alone,
Tho' I am ſeen, yet let me not be known.

The Gratitude.

MY injur'd Love, thy Anthems ceaſe awhile,
And hear my Vows with an accepting (Smile.
By thee I ſwear, by thee as ſacred now,
I'll pay thee all the Paſſion that I owe.
Forgive, that I ſo negligent did prove,
Was ſuch a careleſs Debtor to thy Love:
As ſome wild Gallant who profuſely ſpends
That on his Frolicks, which ſhould pay his Friends;
Yet gives good Words, is complaiſant and kind,
And with ſmall Preſents ſhews his thankful Mind.
So did I manage my vaſt ſtock of Love,
Did neither juſt, nor yet ungrateful prove;
Heaven knows, to pay thee all I had begun,
But the neglected Score too far had run.
Fatal Delay, for now the dreadful Sum,
I with kind Horror offer at thy Tomb;
What'er I ow'd thy Life, I'll pay thy Duſt,
Bring all th' Arrears of Paſſion, and be Juſt;
Accept it now, altho alas too late,
And pity this ſad Preſſure of my Fate.

Thou

Thou wer't ſo pleas'd with what thou hadſt below,
'Twould raiſe thy Bliſs could'ſt thou my Paſſion know,
That's great and laſting as thy Joys are now.
Not the leaſt Thought ſhall to ought elſe be given,
I offer all to thee, and what retains thee, Heaven.
Tho' at thy Death no ſable Scenes of State,
Nor ſolemn Pageantry did gild thy Fate;
No pompous Griefs of a Mechanick Throng
Of hir'd Mourners uſher'd thee along;
Nor gaudy Scutchion daub'd thy early Herſe,
Yet 'twas adorn'd with thy *Clarinda*'s Verſe:
One moment's Grief of mine is of more Coſt,
Than a Majeſtick thirty Days can boaſt.
Thoſe pageant Sorrows on the Dead beſtow'd,
But touch the Fancy of the gazing Croud,
Where ſcarce one Tear in earneſt is allow'd.
Amidſt a thouſand torturing Pangs I live,
Too well I know, both who and how to grieve.
It is more Honour to be mourn'd by me.
Than all their ſtately dark Solemnity,
Whoſe Riches purchaſe a forc'd Obſequey.
Tho' on thy Grave no Statue I erect, (deck'd.
Yet the ſmooth Stone ſhall with my Tears be

No, take a Tomb more fitting thy Deſert,
Yes, I'll inſhrine thee in my generous Heart.
So far for thee a *Niobe* I'm grown,
That now 'tis fitting for that Uſe alone.
No Monument more glorious or ſafe,
Grac'd with a vital crimſon Epitaph.
My bleeding Heart ſhall this Inſcription give,
Not here you Lie, but here for ever Live.

On my wedding Day.

ABandon'd Day, why doſt thou now appear?
Thou muſt no more thy wonted Glories wear;
Oh! Rend thy ſelf out of the circling Year.
With me thou'rt ſtript of all thy pompous Pride,
Art now no feſtival Cauſe, I no Bride:
In thee no more muſt the glad Muſick ſound,
Nor pleaſing Healths in chearful Bowls go round,
But with ſad Cypreſs dreſs'd, not Mirtle crown'd;
Ne'er grac'd again with joyful Pageantry:
The once glad Youth that did ſo honour thee
Is now no more; with him thy Triumph's loſt,
He always own'd thee worthy of his Boaſt.

Such

Such Adorations he ſtill thought thy due,
I learn'd at laſt to celebrate thee too;
Tho' it was long e're I could be content,
To yield you more than formal Complement;
If my firſt Offering had been Free-Will,
I then perhaps might have enjoy'd thee ſtill:
But now thou'rt kept like the firſt myſtick Day,
When my reluctant Soul did Fate obey,
And trembling Tongue with the ſad Rites com-
(ply'd,
With timerous Hand th' amazing Knot I ty'd,
While Vows and Duty check'd the doubting Bride.
At length my reconcil'd and conquer'd Heart,
When 'twas almoſt too late own'd thy Deſert,
And wiſhes thou waſt ſtill, not that thou never
(wer't;
Wiſhes thee ſtill that celebrated Day,
I lately kept with ſympathizing Joy.
But Ah! thou now canſt be no more to me,
Than the ſad Relick of Solemnity;
To my griev'd Soul may'ſt thou no more appear,
Be blotted out of Fate's ſtrict Calender.
May the Sun's Rays ne'er be to thee allow'd,
But let him double every thick wrought Cloud,
And wrap himſelf in a retiring Shroud;

Let unmixt Darkneſs ſhade the gloomy Air,
Till all our ſable Horizon appear,
Diſmale as I, black as the Weeds I wear;
With me thy abdicated State deplore,
And be like me, that's by thy ſelf no more.

The Fatality.

COME all ye grand Predeſtinarians now,
Your Doctrine to the Height I will allow:
I who with utmoſt Force reſiſt my Fate,
But am to Ills alone predeſtinate;
In vain I ſtrive th' immutable Decree,
Has paſs'd on my unlucky Deſtiny.
With Sighs and Tears I did at firſt begin,
To conquer Fate as others would their Sin;
Each Path I trod I went with Caution on,
But every Step doth lead to be undone:
And when a threatening Storm was in my View,
I from it (wiſely as I thought) withdrew;
But whilſt the approaching Ills with Fear I ſhun,
Into ſome other certain Harms I run;
So when ſome mighty Grief did preſs my Soul,
I would th' uneaſy Tyranny controul;

(Like

(Like a distracted Man that will not bear,
Those Fetters which Discretion makes him wear;
But frets and raves, and breaks the friendly Chain,
Which did from greater Injuries restrain;
He'll not be bar'd a dangerous Liberty,
Tho' he to Outrages and Mischief fly.)
Thus I from one Misfortune force my Way,
By Means that does to greater still betray;
One Sorrow seldom attends long on me,
I have a torturing Variety,
I change and change, yet still 'tis Misery.
A Hydra Fate my Ruin does pursue,
Cut off one ill, strait, there springs up a new,
And they'll arise *ad infinitum* too.
Ther's none the mystick Scrolls of Fate can read,
Nor shun the Ills by mighty Powers decreed,
Hood-wink'd by them, just as they guide we tread.
In vain we say we this or that will do,
It cannot be unless they'll have it so;
The only Way to ease our Discontents,
Is to conclude they must be such Events;
Such as the mighty hidden source of Things,
Bubbles from it's inevitable Springs.

An Ode on the Death of Mr. Dryden.

I.

AS when *Plebeans* at a Monarch's death,
(Which ſeems Prophan'd by Sighs from vulgar Breath;)
With ſawcy Grief pity the helpleſs Fate
Of what they fear'd, almoſt ador'd of late.
So I the meaneſt that did e'er aſpire,
To own herſelf of the Muſes Empire;
Who ſcarcely can my Tribute pay,
To acknowledge their Imperial ſway,
With arrogant, yet conſcious Grief, preſume,
To ſhed a Tear on their Vice-gerents awful Tomb:
Ah! who'd have thought that ſeeming deathleſs Man,
With every Art and Grace indow'd;
Should have a Life, but of the uſual Span,
And ſhrink into a common Shroud,
But his uuequall'd worth can never dy,
Nothing can e'er his matchleſs Laurels blaſt,
Tho' *Albion*'s ſelf ſhould be deſtroy'd and waſt;
And in forgotten Ruins lie.

The

The ecchoing Trump of Fame his Glories will re-
To all the wondering Univerſe, (reherſe,
Till it Joyn ſound with the Tremendious laſt.

II.

Sure Poets are not made of common Earth,
Or he at leaſt may boaſt a nobler Birth;
Each Atom with ſoft Numbers was inſpir'd,
And flowing Fancy with one laſting Rapture fir'd:
Altho' the mighty Secret's not diſclos'd,
He ſurely was like *Thebes* with artful Tunes com-
The Voices of the ſweet melodious Nine, (pos'd.
In Conſort joyn'd *Apollo*'s forming Lyre,
Did thouſand pureſt particles Inſpire;
With tuneful Meaſures Harmony Divine.
At the ſacred commanding Sound,
With Animation paſſing vulgar Souls,
The knowing willing Atoms came,
None the creative Strains controuls;
But by energy of Ayrs Divine compound,
The almoſt omniſcient Frame.

And

And for a Soul which ſcarce was wanting here,
In all the pre-exiſting Magazine,
Not one was ſeen;
Worthy in thy alloted Glories to appear.
No great *Apollo*'s ſelf, with his own Rays,
(For nothing leſs could the bright Form improve,)
Infus'd celeſtial Sapience from above;
To qualify thee for immortal Bays.

III.

Apollo once before a ſacred Structure bleſt,
Where all the Inquiſitive World did come,
For an ambiguous Doom;
And ſplendid Pomp amaz'd the curious Gueſt.
Yet with leſs Glory did at *Delphos* ſhine,
When floors of Marble, roofs of Gold,
Did his oraculous God-head hold;
Then in thy living Shrine,
There fetter'd with a ſacerdotal Yoke,
Uncheckt in thee, the God has always ſpoke.
In thee no leſs Magnificent appears,
Nor with leſs Splender did his Power exert,
Then when above a Soveraign ſway he bears;
In Learning Poetry, and every Godlike Art.

But

But oh! the Deity is silenc'd now, (flow,
No more celestial Cadence from thy Tongue will
And all the lesser Fanes with Grief expire,
All gasping ly,
With fainting Groans deplore,
Great *Dryden* is no more;
And with declining Fire
Sing their own Requiem in thy Obsequie.
Farewel to Inspiration now,
All sacred extacies of Wit,
The softer Excellence,
Of melting Words and rapturing Sence,
Ye will no more with Divine Sweetness flow;
But Poetry submit
To the bold Enthusiastick Rage
Of a deserted and malicious Age.

IV.

Only the Pythagorean Faith we doubt,
Else if thy great Soul should transmigrated be,
It might be parcell'd out
And stock each Age with Laureats till Eternity.

Ah!

Ah! Where is thy harmonious Spirit now?
Teaching ſofter Numbers to the Spheares,
Or makes ſome Star with greater Luſtre glow,
Or roameſt in the extended Space thy long Eter-
(nity of Years.
No, toth' ſacred ſofter Shades thou'rt gone,
The Souls of Poets needs muſt thither fly;
(I'm ſure they Lovers live how e're they die.)
But thou ſo many Laurels here haſt won,
As plants a new *Elizium* of thy own.
Triumphant ſit beneath th' immortal Shade,
Of ever blooming Wreaths which leſs than thoſe
That are below for ſofteſt Lovers made. (will fade,
Therefore the *Mantuan* Swain need not retreat,
But keep his antient Regal Seat;
Which elſe at thy Approach he would reſign,
For well he knows Wit's ſacred Throne is thine:
See he with Thanks ſalutes thy skilful Hand,
Which ſo ſucceſsfully has taught;
His long fram'd Works the Language of our Land,
With Art in every Line, and Grace in every Thought.
None their intrinſick Value can deny,
The well plac'd Pride of antient *Rome*,
Poliſh'd by thee is now our Boaſt become;
Sparkling with all the Glories of true Poetry;
Receives from all a juſt and happier Doom.

Orpheus

Orpheus and all the tuneful Poets there,
With Joys new dated celebrate thy Fame,
In an eternal ſoft celeſtial Air; (ſlighted Name.
For all the Honours thou haſt done the ſo long

V.

And we whom thou haſt left behind,
Are all employ'd about thee too;
Altho thy Worth too great a Theme we find,
At leaſt our Gratitude in Grief we ſhow.
Our beſt Encomiums but prophane thy Name,
Unleſs ſucceſsful *Congreves* artful Line;
That only Rival of ſo great a Fame,
Can Juſtice do to thine.
My well meant *Trophy* bluſhing I muſt rear,
Unkind *Melpomene* affords no Aid,
Tho' I ſo often beg'd and pray'd,
My ſofter Voice ſhe would not hear.
Amongſt the mighty Men ſhe's buſie now,
Tis they I find beſt charm immortal Females too;
Tho' ſhe'll not teach how I ſhall Numbers keep,
My Admiration in Heroick's dreſs,
Or in a ſofter Ode my Griefs expreſs,
Tis my own Fault being Woman, if I fail to weep.
Since this great Man inſatiate Fate obey'd,
How is Wit's Empire leſſen'd and decay'd? It

It ſcarce a Province now appears,
Come then let's joyn our Tears;
Ceaſe not till an Ocean flow,
Twine round the Muſes Plat, till it an Iſland grow,
There let's poſſeſs her conſtant Joys,
Spite, Poverty and Noiſe.
Tho' bounded ſafe with a *Caſtalian* Sea,
They ne'er muſt hope their Iſles the Fortunate will be.

The Advice.

I.

PEace, buſie Soul, let diſtant Things alone,
Only the preſent Time's thy own;
Leave to the Gods what ſhall hereafter be,
Forbear the Search of dark Futurity.
If thou'lt at once more than one Minute live,
Thou muſt deſign or dread or grieve;
In turning back Remembrance repreſents,
Black Images of Diſcontent.

What

What happen'd to torment a Year ago,
Altho' it really ceaſes to do ſo?
If thou will't ruminate, 'tis ſtill A Woe.
Thus what is paſt will always preſent be,
And in Idea ever torture thee;
On Pleaſures too if we reflect,
They have the ſame unkind Effect;
We are as angry they are paſt,
As at thoſe Griefs which we compel to laſt:
But tell me, partial Soul, ah tell me why?
Things of ſuch Contrariety,
In thy Revolves ſhould be the ſame to thee.

II.

One deep obliterating Draught of Lethe take,
Blot all the torturing Records out;
Yet then thou'lt not be bleſs'd I doubt,
But nice Inquiries make.
Yes, the forbidden Book of Fate,
Thou needs muſt pry into with curious Eyes;
By'ts unintelligible Lines thy Actions ſtate, (Wiſe.
Where nothing's plain unleſs the Curſe of being
Now Form great threatning Monſters in thy Brain,
Then rack thy Skill to have the Phantoms ſlain;

In the safe present Scene thou wilt not rest,
But in remoter Things be bless'd.
This or that distant Joy propose,
And much of Life extravagantly lose,
In Search of what Fate will elsewhere dispose.
Thy Plots and Forecasts thou conceiv'st in vain,
Links of th' inevitable Chain;
Short-sighted Soul thou canst not see,
What shall to Morrow be,
Yet wilt indulge thy fruitless Curiosity.
So some unlucky Engineer
Does all the fit Materials compound,
That are in Art or Nature found;
Will glorious Fire-Works prepare.
(Fancies he sees his various Comets rise, (the Skys;)
Outshine and mount up to their radiant likeness in
Thinks they will satisfie his Pride and Cost,
But ah! he hopes in vain.
For almost finish'd ere he is aware,
A Spark by chance lights in the Train,
And all with one affrighting Blaze is inconfusion lost.

III.

Since thou, my Soul, must grieve or bafl'd be,
For once be rul'd by me;
No more reflect,
No more with studious Care project,
Nor look beyond thy present Destiny.

I charge thee ne'er contrive no more,
Thou'lt fare no better than thou didst before;
With *Ixion*'s mistaken Joys prepare,
Thy fond Embrace for the delusive Air;
So often fool'd ne'er hope to win at last,
Thy future Doom's stamp'd with thy Past.
Then Fate doth seem with her own Hand,
To lead to the self-promis'd Land;
Yet e'er our weary'd Steps reach the long wish'd
Storms and Darkness doth surround, (for Ground,
And the gay Prospect can no more be sound.
Tho' we by chance (a mighty Chance indeed,)
Should to our selves propose what is decreed:
Yet to my Cost this Truth I've learn'd,
With passive Hase we should be unconcern'd:
For Fate of our Designs no Use will make,
But her own mysterious Methods take.
Then why do we perplex our selves in vain,
For what we know not how to get, or whether
(we most gain?

IV.

Then live to Day, design nor fear no more,
Nor grieve upon a former Score:
What was once is gone,
And that which we expect may ne'er come on.
Those who on Yesterdays and Morrows live,
Neglect what Heaven does really give;

Which only is the preſent Day,
And that in fleeting Moments poſts away;
Let me enjoy each Minute then,
Not ſtarve to Day, to feaſt I know not when;
Since the full Glaſs at the inviting Lip,
From the too cautious Hand may ſlip.
Give me ye Gods my Bleſſings now,
On th' expecting Man your future Gifts beſtow.
They who the preſent Hour neglect,
Becauſe an other better they expect:
Uſeful Eſtates do paſs away,
For future Pay;
Are always Creditors to Fate,
And ſhe too often pays too late;
There's none but Fools procraſtinate.

To Thyrſis *on his Paſtoral to Mr.* Creech.

COme all ye tender Nymphs and ſighing Swains,
Hear how our *Thyrſis*, *Daphnis* death com-(plains
In Notes more ſweet he doth his Sorrows tell,
Than the harmonious mournful *Philomel*.

With

With his sad Airs let all our Griefs combine,
And sighing Eccho in the Consort joyn;
Till o'er the pittying Plains the Tidings spread,
Pans Darling *Daphnis* to *Eliziums* fled:
Daphnis the tunefull'st Youth we knew among,
The softening Swains till gentle *Thyrsis* Sung.
Thyrsis, whose Muse of all our blooming Grove,
Best pities Lovers and best Sings of Love;
Soft are thy Lines as the first tender Fire,
That warms the Breast e'er it commence Desire:
Thy moving Numbers all our Passions share,
Sigh, Languish, Weep, Just what we read we are.
By the soft Magick rais'd to Extacy,
With *Daphnis* love, and with him too we dy;
Had he addrest but in thy melting Strain,
(And he could do it, sure if any Swain,)
The Nymph in spite of her presuming Charms,
With Joy had yeilded to his wishing Arms.
Impatient Youth, that Death itself could bear,
Rather than scorns of the neglecting Fair:
But thus we fondly Rave to miss the Joy,
Love natural as Life, does Life destroy.
To Wit alone Passion does fatal prove,
Fools may be lew'd but know not how to Love;

Since it in learn'd Breasts such Woes create,
Thyrsis taking warning by great *Daphnis* Fate:
But to your Charms Caution does needless seem,
Fear less Love, on you need not dye like him.
For oh! what Nymph could e'er so stupid prove,
As not to melt if *Thyrsis* Name but Love?
What pity 'twas the learn'd *Daphnis* dy'd,
The slighted Victim of a Virgins Pride.
Had'st thou been silent, it more Tears had cost,
Now half our Grief 's in Admiration lost;
So well you Mourn the Shepherd's amorous Fate,
In such soft strains his sad fond Fall relate.
Pan would himself quit Immortality,
To be in Death so sweetly Sung by thee.

Delia *to* Phraartes *on his Playing* Cæsar Borgia.

IF *Cæsar* from his *Stygian* Coast could come,
To see you Play, he'd bless his former Doom;
Pleas'd with the promis'd Glories which he lost,
And in your Form, confess the greater Boast.

Had

Had he been bleſs'd but with your ſoft Addreſs,
His Love had never known ſuch ill Succeſs;
That Godlike Mein and that ſeraphick Voice,
Would have compell'd nice *Bellamira*'s choice.
Had half your Charms in the true *Borgia* been,
We ne'er his mourning Tragedy had ſeen.
You'r ſo Divine, that Heavens peculiar care,
Would ſo much Gallantry and Sweetneſs ſpare.
In vain Hiſtorians and Poets too,
To ſuch brave Men celeſtial Honous do,
They ne'er ſeem Gods, till perſonated by you.
A rugged Virtue and the chance of War,
Did bleſs their Hero's with that Character;
The Antiquated Shade the Poets ſeize,
And tune the Soul to what a pitch they pleaſe:
With artful Notes they grace each noble Line,
But your ſoft touch gives it an air Divine.
What pains they take for Praiſe while you with eaſe,
Tranſport with that which they ſcarce hop'd could (pleaſe?
Th' Imperial *Cæſars* when with Fortune bleſs'd,
In all their gay triumphant ſplendor dreſt,
And more than Royal State thro' *Rome* they rode,
(Both prais'd and fear'd and thought almoſt a God,

When fetter'd Kings did grace the Victory,)
Mid'ſt all their dazling Pomp look'd leſs than thee.
If Gods their Glories would expoſe to view,
To joy Mankind they'd look and ſpeak like you.

To Clarona *drawing* Alexis's *Picture and preſenting it to me.*

THE curious noble Preſent which you make,
I with ſurprize and conſcious Bluſhes take.
Why was the gay *Alexis* made your choice,
Has he my private or my publick Voice?
My nicer Temper cannot that allow,
Tho' you have gone the way to make him ſo;
Some other Friend would equal Thanks command,
Tho' he was fitteſt for your skilful Hand:
As the beſt Poets who's Art Rivals thine,
Should always chooſe a Subject that's Divine.
I muſt confeſs th' obligingneſs of Fate,
To let you ſee him tho' he never ſate;
A fair Idea form'd in your great Mind,
You ventur'd on, and 'twas as you deſign'd:

'Twas

'Twas the gay Youth in all his conquering Charms,
As might ſeduce a *Daphne* to his Arms.
His Smiles, his Eyes, his Air each lovely Grace,
All that our Sex can wiſh in any Face;
It was exactly him, and yet 'twas more,
An Art which none did e'er expreſs before:
Should Nature ſtrive for Oſtentation ſake,
And would another bright *Alexis* make,
'Twould be leſs like than what is done by thee,
She'd bluſhing throw her long us'd Pencil ſee;
Nay, you bleſt Painters this advantage give,
Beyond what is allow'd to thoſe that live.
With ſublimated Art you Time ſubdue, (too.
Draw Charms to'th' Life and make them laſting
Now fam'd *Apelles* from thy Throne look down,
And ſee a female Hand outdo thy own.
The Piece which unaccompliſh'd was by thee,
The juſt Deſpair of long Poſterity,
By her may with advantage finiſht be.
The mighty Task can only be her Right,
Who ſo exactly draws at caſual ſight:
I with proud Joy the lovely Preſent take,
Both for *Alexis* and *Clarona*'s ſake.
My two beſt Friends, Illuſtrious now appear,
A pleaſing Form drawn by a Hand ſo fair;

Charm'd

Charm'd by your Art, I generously consent,
To own 'tis my Delight as well as Ornament.

A SONG.

A Thousand Gay obliging Youths,
I unconcern'd can see,
But when *Exalis* doth appear;
He shakes my Constancy.

In spite of all my Proud Resolves,
I soften at his Charms,
And almost wish my self to be;
In his regardless Arms.

Some milder Power, reverse my Fate,
He's doom'd to Love elsewhere,
I beg my Passion you'd Translate;
I would not rob his Fair.

Let him persue his fond Amour,
Grant I may pity those,
Who sigh for me and make him kind;
Unto the Nymph he's chose.

Errata

Erato *the Amorous Muſe on the Death of* John Dryden, *Eſq.*

IN the wiſht Cloſe of Evening's welcome gloom,
My longing ſteps reacht an inviting Bloom;
Whoſe untrod Paths the ſadning Cypreſs grac't,
And in ſmall Plats were ſofter Myrtles plac't.
The lofty Cedars with extended Arms,
Twine to keep off the force of rougheſt Storms;
And numerous tow'ring Arbourets they made,
The ſolemn Glory of the pleaſing Shade:
On verdant Moſs, Nature's rich cloth of State,
By a clear thrilling Stream ſupine I ſate:
Upon my Hand my thoughtful Head reclin'd,
Sad ſoft Ideas entertain'd my Mind,
And I to *ſing* ſome Lovers fate inclin'd;
But ſtrait *Erato*, whom I did invoke,
Forbid my Choice, her Speech abruptly broke,
At laſt in Sighs the Interdiction ſpoke.
Ye ſhall no more write tender moving Strains,
To pleaſe the Nymphs and melt the wiſhing Swains
But to the World my Sorrows you ſhall tell,
How I have *griev'd* ſince the loſt Heroe fell,
My darling *Dryden* whom I lov'd ſo well.

He

He who has done such Glories to my Name,
Immortal as my self has made my Fame;
Watchful as Lovers I first saw his Fate
With raging Sounds *Parnassus* loss relate.
Call'd all my Sisters with my frantick Cries,
And every God to *Join* in th' Obsequies,
With Tears made *Helycon* brackish as the Seas.
Like a deserted Maid in Wild Despair,
I tore my Myrtle Wreath and flowing Hair,
My Mantle rent and shatter'd in the Air;
Then in loose Cypriss vail'd *my* useless Charms,
Sight till I turn'd our *Æther* into Storms.
No more I'll wanton on our Mountains brow,
Nor curious Pains upon my Locks bestow;
In amorous Folds my Rosey Mantle twine,
And sooth soft Languishments in airs Divine:
But careless throw me in some dusky Shade,
Which Willows, Cypress, Yew has awful made,
There to my Votress Eccho I'll complain,
Whose Complaisance reverberates again,
My piercing Groans thro' every Wood and Plain.
Thus I and she in *an* Eternal round,
Will my celestial Griefs for *Dryden*'s Death resound.
Dryden, who with such Ardour did invoke,
That I thro' him my greatest Raptures spoke.

Whis-

Whiſper'd a thouſand tender melting Things,
Till he writ Lays moving as *Orpheus* ſtrings.
Oft I for Ink did radiant *Nectar* bring,
And gave him Quills from infant *Cupid*'s Wing:
Whoſe gentle force did as Victorious prove,
As if they'd been th' immortal Shafts of Love.
Warm'd every Breaſt with a ſurprizing Fire,
And in the niceſt tendereſt Thoughts inſpire;
Such Luſtre ſtill grac't his magnetick Line,
It was both Irreſiſtleſs and Divine.
With what celeſtial Cadence doth he tell,
The priſtine Joys of Love, e'er Mankind fell;
When in the blooming Grove the firſt kind Pair,
With amorous Sighs fan'd the ambroſial Air:
Smiling on flowry Banks ſupinely laid,
The ardent Youth preſt the unbluſhing Maid.
In his ſoft Lines ſuch Extacies they Boaſt,
To hear *their* loves Rivals the Bliſs they loſt;
When *Cleopatra*'s Paſſion he adorns,
How Nobly *Anthony* the Empire ſcorns:
Diſſolv'd in her kind Arms tranſported lay,
For Love's ſoft Joy, gave the rough Crown away.
Such Realms of Bliſs the Hero there poſſeſt,
Sighing fond Vows on her returning Breaſt;

Who

Who reads their Languishments their Passions feel,
Intranc't in Joys too exquisite to tell.
When an incestuous Flame his Theme has been,
He almost *charms* us to forgive the Sin.
My favourite *Ovid's* strains I did improve,
And taught my *Dryden* tenderer *Arts* of Love;
Such Arts had our addressing *Phœbus* known,
Daphne, tho' coy, had not Unconquer'd flown,
But brought the Hero forth, and not their Crown.
He so advanc'd whatever I bestow'd,
I was Love's Muse, but he himself the God.

Delia *to* Phraartes *on his mistake of three Ladies writing to him.*

SAY, noble Youth, thou Glory of the Stage,
Gay soft Delight of the admiring Age;
What would'st thou give thou didst thy *Delia* know,
Or that the Nymph who writ the Billet Deau,
Could have oblig'd you with Heroicks too?
To purchase your Esteem they all agreed,
And tho' one Scroul, 'twas a Tripartite Deed.

Me-

Methinks in you I royal *Paris* ſee,
Like him employ'd ill ſuiting your Degree;
In his Diſguiſe he rural Conqueſts won,
But you brave Youth have greater Wonders done;
Your Power by neither Sex can be withſtood,
Your own are all oblig'd and ours ſubdu'd
Wit Fortune, Beauty for your Voice conteſt,
Each with your Approbation would be bleſt;
For the charm'd Nymphs deſire as much to pleaſe,
As did the three contending Goddeſſes,
That bleſs'd young *Paris* in the mirtle Grove,
With the nice Choice of Grandure Wit and Love.
They would appear all eager of Succeſs,
But are more cautious, cauſe their Charms leſs,
Beſides they are reſolv'd they'll not undreſs:
They've only yet their myſtick Charms diſplay'd,
And entertain'd you in a Maſquerade;
But beg you would not take the Niceneſs ill,
For they reſolve to wear their Vizards ſtill;
May the ſoft Riddle never be explain'd,
Leſt the neglected bluſh to be diſdain'd;
Should they divide; their Charms would be too ſmall,
Were they Celeſtial; You would merit all.
Yes, lovely Youth, thoſe mightier Charms of thine,
Deſerve not only what, but all that is divine:
E're Nature form'd you, ſhe in you deſign'd

Per-

Perfection far beyond all human Kind:
But ſcorn'd Materials from her common Store,
Travers'd her pregnant Univerſe all o're;
Pick'd up each ſofter *Atome* as ſhe went;
Took too thoſe bright ones next the Firmament.
Thus richly furniſh'd ſhe the Work began,
And joy'd to find it would be more than Man;
With utmoſt Care did every Charm encreaſe,
And e're ſhe would compleat the Beauteous Piece,
Dip'd her nice Pencil in the liquid Light,
Varniſh'd the whole, till Gods themſelves leſs bright,
Each Deity deceiv'd with what was done,
Beſtow'd ſome Gift and thought you was his own:
So liberally they gave; in you we ſee,
All their Perfections in Epitome.
No Wonder our weak Sex is charm'd to love
That Form which might the pleaſing Object prove
Of all the wiſhing Female Court above:
Tis they alone muſt for your Heart contend,
Your triple Nymph no farther doth pretend,
Than to adore the Glories they commend;
They are reſolv'd they will remain intire,
Not run the Hazard of dilated Fire;
To other Swains their ſingle Power might move,
And they neglecting charm to more than Love.

They

They know your Worth; ſo the deſerving three
Will joyn, and be one *Delia* to thee;
Let one *Idea* fill thy grateful Breaſt,
Think they are ſo, in that Miſtake they're bleſt.

To Marina.

PLague to thy Husband, ſcandal to thy Sex,
Whoſe wearying Tongue does every Ear perplex;
Falſe to thy own falſe Soul, thou doſt declare,
How Luſt and Pride do Reign and Revel there,
Tell the World too, how nicely Chaſt you are.
This dull compulſive Virtues own'd; for who,
With one ſo odious would have ought to do?
But this Misfortune you too oft condole;
Whilſt looſeſt Thoughts debauch your willing Soul
Thy beſt Diſcourſe is but meer Ribaldry,
Telling how fond all that e're ſee you, be:
And loving all thy ſelf, think'ſt all in Love with thee.
With pious Heart thou ſtudieſt Vanity,
And talk'ſt obſcene by rules of Modeſty.

Thus Sins nick-nam'd ſpeak the infernal Saint,
Whoſe ſhining Robes are tawdry Cloaths and Paint:
Extravagance and Cheats you mark for Wit,
Thou abſtract of Contention, Fraud and Spite.
If *Socrates* could have made choiſe of thee,
Thou would'ſt have baffled his Philoſophy,
And turn'd his Patience to a Lunacy.
The reſtleſs Waters of the raging Sea,
Are a ſerene and halcion Stream to thee:
They keep their Banks and ſometimes can be ſtill,
Thou art all Tempeſt, know'ſt no bounds in Ill.
Pride, Luſt, Contention, reign and yet repine,
Veſuvius Noiſe and Flame has leſs of Hell than thine.

Euterpe: *The Lyrick Muſe, On the Death of* John Dryden, *Eſq;*

An *ODE.*

I.

SOft *Euterpe*, ſweeteſt of the *Nine*,
The moſt Inſpiring, and the moſt Divine,
By my own Lyre rais'd to extatick Joy

Full

Full of kind Influence expecting ſate,
When tuneful *Dryden* would my Aid implore,
Who with gay Tranſports did my Gifts employ,
And meaneſt Thoughts above my Notes did ſoar.
But ſtrait a diſmal, and unwelcome Sound,
Fill'd all th' Æthereal Courts around,
Great Dryden *is no more*. . .
But like the common things in mortal State,
Loſt in th' impartial Gulf of an inevitable Fate,
At the dread News Grief all my Luſtre veil'd,
I broke my harmonious *Harp* and *Lute*,
Threw by my ſoftning ever-charming Flute,
Not the leaſt glympſe of Joy appears,
No radiant Nymphs about my Pallace wait,
Nor drink I any *Nectar* but my Tears.

II.

I with profoundeſt Cauſe, and Sorrow mourn,
Over my *Dryden*'s ſacred Urn;
He was my greateſt Glory, only boaſt,
Through him I let ungrateful Mankind know,
What mighty Wonders I could do,
But now, like him, to the inferior World I'm loſt.

I taught Him all the ſofter Airs of Love,
And Anthems ſo divine; he'll find the ſame above.
With an auſpicious Pride I did diſpenſe
My mighty Favours, when *He* did implore,
From my pregnant unexhauſted Store,
Of tuneful Fancies, and harmonious Senſe.
When I with gentle Fire have warm'd the Breaſt,
The Soul with pleaſing Raptures bleſs't,
The ſacred Flame in ev'ry part does ſhine.
The *Product*, like the *Source*, is all divine,
Poetry's not th' effect of Art, or Wine, or Love,
Tho' *They* ſometimes the Gift improve,
Nor is the warmth that Poets Breaſts inſpire,
Vinum Dæmonum, but Celeſtial Fire.
A God-like Ray enlightning from above;
As decent Meaſures, regular Motions be
Through all the tuneful Univerſe,
And ſpeak in all a glorious Harmony,
Ev'n ſo the myſtick Numbers of melodious Verſe,
Are of th' intellectual World the ſacred Symmetry.

Dryden

III.

Dryden I choſe of all the tuneful Throng,
His Soul with Ardour fill'd fit for immortal Song;
Learn'd him all Lyrick Arts of Poetry,
Such as might with Celeſtial Notes agree;
Which his Induſtry did improve,
In Celebrations, Elegies and Love,
And ev'ry Theme which his commanding Pen (would try
With ſtrength of Judgment, and profoundeſt Senſe,
With ſparkling Wit, gay Fancy, Eloquence,
His Verſe did all abound:
In him alone was found
The much deſir'd, aim'd at Excellence.
In ev'ry Line magnificent or ſweet,
Like *OVID ſoft*, or elſe like *VIRGIL great*.
Orpheus magnetick Harp leſs Pow'r cou'd boaſt,
All *Rage*, unleſs in *Love* when e'er he ſung was *loſt*.
Above 'em all he rais'd his matchleſs Lays,
Glory of *Britain*, and Wits Empire too,
Which tho' the Subjects are but Few,

Did juſtly wreath him with deſerved Bays:
The verdant Diadem which Laureats Crown,
Ne'er look'd ſo freſh as when he put it on,
Then like his Lines with Godlike-luſtre ſhone.

IV.

With a Superior and victorious Grace
The ſacred Place,
He did almoſt unenvy'd aſſume,
I, pleas'd to ſee the Branches ſpread
O're his triumphant Head,
From th' *Helicon* Spring
Did Water bring,
Sprinkled them oft that they might ever bloom.
But, oh! they cou'd not ſtand the Rage,
Of an ill-natur'd and Lethargick Age,
Who ſpight of *Wit* wou'd *ſtupidly* be Wiſe,
All noble Raptures, Extaſies deſpiſe,
And only Plodders after Senſe will Prize.
They from his meritorious Brow
Th' exalted Laurel tear,
Which none but he could juſtly wear,
And He muſt ſuffer *Abdication* too.

With

V.

With Him they did ſuppreſs all lofty flights of Poe-
All melting Airs, and rapt'ring Harmony, (try.
But this Revenge, let Mankind take from me.
If any dare on *Dryden*'s Death to Write,
Not to expreſs their Grief, but ſhew their Wit,
I the ambitious Purpoſe will Reverſe,
Deny my Aid,
And ſo ſhall each inſpiring Maid.
Reſolving ungrateful Man that could con-
Such noble Excellence in Him. (temn
Shall never more the Bleſſing know,
We'll ne'r again our Influence beſtow.
Tho' 'tis pretended to adorn his Herſe.
(Unleſs the generous *Montague* implore,
Then in him ſhall all our Glories ſhine as
(heretofore.)
But to expreſs our own immortal Love,
We'll Solemnize Great *Dryden*'s Obſequies
(above,
Our Grief ſuch Emphaſis ſhall bear,
As no Corporeal Organs can declare,
And one Eternal Sigh ſpread thro' the Extended
(Air.

Terpſichore: *A Lyrick Muſe, On the Death of* John Dryden, *Eſq*; extempore.

JUST as the Gods were liſtening to my Strains,
And thouſand Loves danc'd o're the Æthereal Plains;
With my own radiant Hair my Harp I ſtrung,
And in glad Conſort all my Siſters Sung;
An univerſal Harmony above,
Inſpir'd us all with Gaiety and Love.
A horrid Sound daſh'd our immortal Mirth,
Wafted by Sighs, from the unlucky Earth.
(Who'd think celeſtial Forms ſhould Sorrows know,
Or ſympathize with ſad Events below? (know,
But by our great immortal Selves we do.
For when the loud unwelcome Meſſage ſpread,
With diſmal Accents tuneful, *Dryden*'s dead,
All our gay Joys in haſt affrighted fled.
A ſullen Gloom ſeiz'd all the Gods around,
My feeble Hand no more the Lyre could ſound:
And all the ſoft young Loves with drooping Wings,
Liſp't their Concern, and my neglected Strings;

Trem-

Trembl'd themſelves into a mournful Air,
Then Sight and Huſht into a ſad Deſpair.
There let them ever unreguarded lye,
Apollo's too, do's ceaſe its Harmony.
He with us ſacred Nymphs profuſely Mourns,
With us the leaſt deſire of Reſpite ſcorns;
Intire eternal Grief our Beings ſeize
For him who beſt could us and Mankind pleaſe.
Great *Dryden*, in whoſe vaſt capacious Mind,
Our utmoſt Pow'r did fit Reception find;
VVhich Favours he did generouſly diſpenſe,
Joy'd the glad VVorld with his amazing Senſe,
And like us too diffus'd his Influence;
His Genius would ſuch Inſpiration bear,
That his Illuſtrious Lines did not appear
As if our Product, but our Selves were there.
Mourn ye forſaken VVorlds, you'l ne're again
Be bleſt with ſo Divine, ſo great a Swain.
In you no more let tuneful Mirth be found,
The very Spheres ſhall ceaſe their wonted Sound,
And every Orb ſtop its harmonious round:
All Nature huſh as if intranc't ſhe lay,
Sunk in old Chaos e'er the inlight'ning Ray
Of Heaven awak'd her in the firſt-born Day.

With ſuch ſtill Horrour let's our ſorrows bear,
Leſt Sighs in time, harmonious ſhould appear,
If e'er to write again is Man's intent,
(Uncall'd on let us ſilently lament,)
And take his Works, for an Eternal Preſident,

The Platonick.

PRepoſterous Fate, let me accuſe thee now,
(What means this Mirtle on the Cypreſs bough;)
Ah! why thus treacherouſly in Friendſhip dreſt,
Haſt thou to Love, betray'd my unweary Breaſt?
Amintor's lateſt Breath did recommend,
Me to the care of his once deareſt Friend;
We the kind fatal Orders did perſue,
And for his ſake I ſtrove to Love him too:
Methoughts *Amintor* did his Thanks Proclaim,
Look'd down and ſmil'd, and authoriz'd my Flame.
Bid me my greateſt Favours there beſtow,
Where he lov'd beſt (excepting me) below;
But my ill Fate, th' obedient purpoſe croſt,
Duty was ſoon in Inclination loſt;

For

For oh! I find the generous Probation,
Has now commenc'd an unſuſpected Paſſion.
I would my Friendſhip to the height improve,
VVhich unawars did ſublimate to Love;
So ſome well meaning Votaries in Religion,
Run their Devotion up to Superſtition:
But from the utmoſt Error I'll be free,
And not degenerate to Idollatry.
Confeſs the kind Platonick at the moſt,
And make my Paſſion not my Bluſh, but Boaſt:
I do not wiſh him in theſe careleſs Arms,
Let me but gaze at diſtance on his Charms;
To view that ſoftning Air, that Voice to hear,
Is all the Bliſs my temperate Soul wou'd ſhare.
But then be ever preſent ever kind,
Joy to my Eyes and Pleaſure to my Mind.
I ſhall be bleſt if you'll allow but this,
Shou'd you be kinder, t'would abate my Bliſs:
My elevated Flame needs no ſupply,
But the nice ſubtil Fewel of the Eye:
In Contemplation all my Pleaſure lies,
My Joys are pure Ideal Extacies:
The Lip or Hand are not enough refin'd,
VVith Looks and Smiles let me regale my Mind
'Tis all my ſofteſt VViſhes e'er deſign'd.

Love

Love like the ſacred Tree which *Eden* grac't,
To entertain the ſight is only plac't;
Safely we gaze, but if we venter on,
To touch and taſt, we bluſh and are undone.

The Emulation.

SAY Tyrant Cuſtom, why muſt we obey,
The impoſitions of thy haughty Sway;
From the firſt dawn of Life, unto the Grave,
Poor Womankind's in every State, a Slave.
The Nurſe, the Miſtreſs, Parent and the Swain,
For Love ſhe muſt, there's none eſcape that Pain;
Then comes the laſt, the fatal Slavery,
The Husband with inſulting Tyranny
Can have ill Manners juſtify'd by Law;
For Men all join to keep the Wife in awe.
Moſes who firſt our Freedom did rebuke,
Was Marry'd when he writ the Pentateuch;
They're Wife to keep us Slaves, for well they know,
If we were looſe, we ſoon ſhould make them, ſo.
We yeild like vanquiſh'd Kings whom Fetters bind,
When chance of War is to Uſurpers kind;

Sub-

Submit in Form; but they'd our Thoughts controul,
And lay reſtraints on the impaſſive Soul:
They fear we ſhould excel their ſluggiſh Parts,
Should we attempt the Sciences and Arts.
Pretend they were deſign'd for them alone,
So keep us Fools to raiſe their own Renown;
Thus Prieſts of old their Grandeur to maintain,
Cry'd vulgar Eyes would ſacred Laws Prophane.
So kept the Myſteries be[illegible]ind a Screen,
There Homage and the Name were loſt had they (been ſeen:
But in this bleſſed Age, ſuch Freedom's given,
That every Man explains the Will of Heaven;
And ſhall we Women now ſit tamely by,
Make no excurſions in Philoſophy,
Or grace our Thoughts in tuneful Poetry?
We will our Rights in Learning's World maintain,
Wits Empire, now, ſhall know a Female Reign;
Come all ye Fair, the great Attempt improve,
Divinely imitate the Realms above:
There's ten celeſtial Females govern Wit,
And but two Gods that dare pretend to it;
And ſhall theſe finite Males reverſe their Rules,
No, we'll be Wits, and then Men muſt be Fools.

To

To Mr. Yalden, *on his Temple of Fame*, Extempore.

HAD *Gloeſter* liv'd, and made his Actions
With the united Glories of his Line, (ſhine,
He'd leſs Immortal been than in theſe lays of thine.
Not only Royal Tears adorn his Urn,
But you have taught the Subjects all to mourn:
Your melting Lines, make conſcious Paſſion vent
More ſolemn Griefs, than common Nature meant.
Soft are thy ſtrains as his once moving Tongue,
Fond *Venus* loſe was leſs divinely Sung;
Amintor, *Colin*, young *Alexis* too,
Juſtly reſign the Prize, to mightier you.
The weeping Nymphs, all throw their Cypreſs (down,
With eager Hands wreath your victorious Crown;
You from whom Kings ſuch Glories do receive,
Yet to your ſelf ſuperior Honours give,
Since they but lye, where you'll for ever live.

On

On the Death of William *III, King of* England.

YE mighty Nine, ſuſpend your ſacred Fire,
Strong Grief like Love can coldeſt Breaſts in-
Nor ſhall I want *Caſtilian* Waters here, (ſpire;
For every line can Boaſt an ardent Tear.
But if the artleſs Sorrows of my Breaſt,
In numbers fail, my Sighs ſhall ſpeak the reſt;
With untun'd Lyre, and ſlacken'd Nerves I Sing,
Yet with a Pious haſt, my humble Tribute bring
Of Grief immenſe, an equal Theme of Praiſe,
But oh! what Pen can worthy Trophies raiſe.
Great *William* now our Annals proudeſt Boaſt,
Whoſe dawning Glories joy'd the *Belgick* Coaſt;
When at *Seneff*, he ſtem'd the impetuous Striſe,
And Laurels flouriſh'd in th' Bloom of Life.
Nor did his Triumphs end where they begin,
Heaven gave freſh Scenes to act his Glories in;
Ammon's nor *Ceſar*'s Fame, muſt here contend,
The Valour had an avaricious End,
Thy fought to win the World, he to defend.
Britannia's Wrongs his willing Aid demand,
He hazards all, to ſave the ſinking Land;

Not

Not Winter Seas the generous Prince reſtrain,
Nor num'rous Hoſts on *Albion*'s ſhining Plain:
No threat'ning Danger terrour can afford,
When Juſtice calls for his avenging Sword.
Boldly he march'd to dare th' oppreſſing Foe,
Nor Conqueſt fear'd, when Heaven directs the Blow;
Frighted Commanders, quit their guilty Poſt,
'Tis *Orange* comes, they know the Field is loſt.
None dare approach the mighty Victor's Face,
But ſuch as ſafely ſue for his Imbrace;
With blooming Palms the regal Seat obtain'd,
He ſaves thoſe Rights his Valour had regain'd.
But ſoon *Hibernia*'s inſulting Foes,
Calls forth the Hero from his ſhort repoſe;
(Not thirſt of Empire, Mankind to inſlave,
Nor fights ſo much to Conquer, as to ſave:)
Led by a tenderneſs his Courage moves,
Like *Mars*'s Chariot, drawn by *Venus* Doves.
With Pride great *Neptune* bears the Royal freight,
Where the defenceleſs Iſles, Impatient wait,
And look from him, as Heaven their Nations fate.
Th' undaunted Warrior like the God of Arms,
Shines thro' the Field and every Souldier warms.

In

In vain the *Boyne* would Victory delay,
Nor can its Streams their generous Heat allay;
Boldly they Plunge the bright propitious Flood,
And in the Waves like arm'd *Tryton* ſtood.
The amphibious Squadrons charge upon their Foes,
Nor in the Liquid Plain their ardor looſe:
But with united force the Fight perſue,
Till Laurels load the daring Monarch's brow:
Soon as the Land was ſafe his Weapons ceaſe,
With his victorious Hand, he ſeal'd their Peace;
Mourn all ye injur'd Realms your helpleſs Cauſe,
No Sword can Succour you like kind *Naſſaus*,
And that's for ever ſheath'd—— no more can ſave,
That mighty Arm, lies uſeleſs in the Grave.

Come widdow'd *Belgia* with ſad *Britain* join,
Unite your Tears and ſwell the gentle *Boyne*;
She'll riſe in Silver heaps at *Naſſau*'s Name,
With Pride her Streams are conſcious of his Fame,
And all her wondering Banks with Joy reſound (the ſame.
But when your flowing Eyes declare his Death,
She will no more her ſporting Waters heave;

But ſadly ſink into her mournful Cell,
In ſubteranean Murmurs haſt to tell,
At *Neptune*'s Court how his great Maſter fell,
Each *Neried* ſtrait her Sea green Treſſes tares,
And ſwells the Ocean with their flowing Tears:
The *Trytons*

Unfiniſht.

To N. Tate, *Eſq; on his Poem on the Queen's Picture, Drawn by* Cloſterman.

HAil mighty Poet, mighty Painter too,
Since to thy ſtrokes, his equal Lines we owe;
The ſiſter Arts, are now a Miſtery
And Painture here, has brought forth Poetry.
Th' inſpiring Shade, ſeems life itſelf refin'd,
And all Heavens goodneſs coppy'd in her Mind;
So juſtly each performs his nicer Part,
As ſpeak's their Skill, yet Beauties without Art:
The emmulative Ink, bright as the Paint,
This ſhows the Queen and that deſcribes the Saint.

We

We prize in others ſtill the laſting Soul,
But ye have Here, immortaliz'd the whole:
Speak great *Apollo* thou alone can'ſt tell,
Whether the Pencil or the Pen excell.

Brib'd by the native Ardour of my Breaſt,
My Muſe no longer will their worth conteſt:
But muſt to *Tate* yeild the ſuperior Crown,
Who has compleated *Claſterman*'s Renown,
And in his Praiſe reverberates his own.
But oh! what Trophies of immortal Fame,
Are juſtly rais'd to ſacred *Anna*'s Name.
Britannia knew not ſhe was half ſo bleſt,
Till the Diviner Raptures of my Breaſt,
Declar'd what elſe could ne'er have been expreſt.
Her Glory ſhines in thy Pathetick Lays,
So *Colin* once Sung fam'd *Elizia* Praiſe;
Long may thy *Aſtræa Albion*'s Scepter bear,
Whilſt ſhe the Crown may you the Laurel wear.

To my much valu'd Friend Moneſes.

GReat *Paan* now thy ſtrongeſt Rays diſpenſe,
Give *Virgils* Flights and *Dryden*'s Eloquence:
All the fam'd Bards of ſacred Poetry,
Let their bright Flames revive again in me.
Inſpire my Breaſt whilſt I his Praiſe rehearſe,
Whoſe worth deſerves thy own immortal Verſe;
I ſing *Moneſes* whom the Gods ordain'd,
To ſhow their Form, e'er 'twas by Sin prophan'd:
He is all Goodneſs, Mercy, Juſtice, Truth,
Has all the Charms without the vice of Youth.
Theſe are the Native Beauties of his Soul,
While every Art and Grace adorns the whole:
Obliging is his Mein, his Judgment ſtrong,
A flowing Wit directs his pleaſing Tongue;
And each inchanting Accent which we hear,
Like airs Divine Tranſport the liſt'ning Ear.
Not *Orpheus* Harp, not yet *Amphion*'s Lyre,
Could with more Sweetneſs or more force inſpire:
Oh! what Infernal Magick Mortals bind,
That his inſtructive Voice can't move the Mind,
And calm the raging Follies of Mankind.

(The

(The paſſive Stones obey'd leſs powerful Sound,
For in their heaps was no reſiſting Atoms found;)
Not greater Pride or Joys did *Ammon* move,
When by the Shrine, pronounc'd the Son of *Jove*:
Then are the Tranſports my bleſt Soul attend,
That I can call the brave *Moneſes* Friend.
Moneſes whom *Apollo* has deſign'd,
With his own Arts, to Heal and Charm Mankind;
Fain would I ſtill perſue my wonderous Song,
But oh! too faſt the bright Ideas throng,
Stifl'd in Raptures e'er they reach my Tongue:
So when with greateſt Zeal we Heaven accoſt,
Our Notions all in Extacies are loſt,
We utter leaſt, where it deſerves the moſt.

FINIS.

TO THE

Most Learn'd, and Ingenious,

Mr. *William Congreve.*

THIS

PASTORAL

Is Dedicated by the

AUTHOR.

The

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Most Learned and Ingenious,

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AUTHOR.

The fond Shepherdeſs.

A PASTORAL.

Daphne, and *Larinda*.

BY a ſoft murmuring Stream in heat of Day,
Remote from all, the ſad *Larinda* lay
Beneath the ſpreading Willows gloomy Shade,
(A cool receſs by careful Nature made;)
There loſt in thought, ſoothing her amorous Pains,
Forgot her Flocks, and buſineſs of the Plains.
The Shepherds wonder'd that ſhe ſtay'd ſo long,
Each left his Pipe, and ſtopt his rural Song
Searching th' adjacent Woods and Groves around,
Impatient all, till they *Larinda* found.
The careful *Daphne* diſtant Vallies try'd
And there with Joy the penſive Wand'rer ſpy'd:
Ran to her Arms with a tranſported Haſt
A thouſand times, the ſighing Nymph imbrac'd.

Daph. Tell me, said she, what makes you all (neglect,
Nor now from Sun, or Wolves your Sheep protect,
But let them wander o're th' unbounded Plain,
Scorch'd by the one, and by the other Slain?
Tho' you may now the greatest numbers Boast
Unheeded thus your Flocks will soon be lost.
Nay of your self too, you are careless grown
Shun all the Nymphs to Muse in Shades alone:
Your head's not now, with Rosy Chaplets drest,
No fragrant Poesy decks your pensive Breast,
Nor decent Rushes strow'd beneath the Shade,
Where smiling once with sporting Lambs you (play'd.
The little Bird you fondly taught to Sing,
Releas'd from Cage, and trusted to its Wing:
You tore each tender Sonnet you have made,
Wish'd the Pipe broke, when sighing *Strephon* play'd.
Ah! why thus peevish? Can your faithful Heart
Conceal a Grief from her, who'd bear a Part?

Lar. No kind Inquirer when with cares oppress,
I still repose in yours, my weary'd Breast;

But

But I have now, no Secret to reveal,
I've lost some Lambs, as all the Plains can tell.
At the approach of last refreshing Show'r,
In haste I ran to yonder well fenc'd Bow'r;
In the kind shelter too long Sleeping lay,
Or Thief, or Wolf, my Darling stole away.

Daph. Do not evade the Truth, but be sincere;
For long ere this, your Eyes did sorrows wear,
Besides, I saw you ere you was awake
Disturb'd you slept, with eager accents spake,
(Oh! my *Exalis* will you leave me.) Then
Foulded your tender Arms, and Slept agen.
Nay, do not blush at the discover'd Truth,
Too well I know you Love that charming Youth,
Oft you together, your mixt Flocks did feed,
Delight your selves with his harmonious Reed.
If any Straglers, from your Folds did run;
Each, would the others seek, neglect their own:
Such mutual kindnesses the Soul indear,
Exalis was your Joy, and you was all his Care.

Lar. Oh! Name him not; yes, ever sound that (Name,
For 'tis in vain to hide th' undoing Flame.

I Love, nay rather the bright Youth adore,
Eccho ne'r doated on *Narcissus* more;
Nor had he half of my *Exalis* Charms
To tempt the Nymph to his resisting Arms
'Mongst all the Swains. Speak *Daphne*, have you seen
A Shape so fine, or such a pleasing Mein,
Fair as the Doves which o're our Cottage flys,
Soft as their Down, and just such lovely Eyes.
His flowing Locks in amorous Ringlets twine,
Like the Young curling Tendrils of the Vine:
Not *Philomel*'s soft Voice, like his, can move,
His ev'ry accent has an Air of Love;
All the gay Chaunters of the welcome Spring,
Like me, are hush'd and joy'd; if he but speak or (Sing
A Breath as Sweet, as when the Evening Breeze
Salutes us from yon Grove of spicy Trees;
His lovely Smiles, soft Brightness do display,
Like glowing Blushes of the infant Day.
When o'er the Mountain-tops the blooming Light,
Darts its Young Beams to th' early Gazers sight,
Like *Pan* himself, the Glory of the Woods,
While other Swains seem Mean, attendant Gods:
Then who such mighty Charms can e'er resist?
Charms like my Love, too great to be expresst.

Daph.

Daph. Oh fatal Power of Love, that thus can seize
The nice *Larinda*, whom no Swain could please;
But now a Slave, worse than e'er sigh'd for you,
You doat to Passion; nay, Distraction too.
Tell me, sad softn'd Nymph, how long your Breast,
Has been by these too mighty Griefs oppress?

Lar. Yes, I will tell you; my unweary'd Tongue,
Speaking of him, can ne'er think Ages long.
Daphne, you know what time the lovely Swain,
With his Blest Flocks, has grac'd our happy Plain:
From the first Hour, he did obliging prove;
(I little thought, to pay him back in Love)
He within bounds, my wandring Lambs would keep,
When I was weary, gladly Fold my Sheep.
And as I rested, in the verdant Shade,
On oaten Reeds melodious Airs he play'd.
The listning Shepherds not far distant stand,
Pleas'd, and yet envying that dear skilful Hand:
Not *Pan*'s immortal Pipe, could more Inspire,
Or glad the Plains, than my *Exalis* Lyre.

It Joy'd all Hearts, to mine did Fatal prove,
And taught my listning Soul, the way to Love.
On a fresh Bank, by a clear Fountain side,
(Where *Flora* smil'd with gaudy vernal Pride.
Phœbus was gone, to *Thetis* yielding Arms,
But *Luna* left her Dear, *Endymion*'s Charms;
Smil'd o'er the Grove, scarce Day it self more (Bright,
And thro' the Boughs, sprinkled the Shade with Light.)
There with gay Innocence, supine we sate,
Hear'd injur'd *Philomel* her Wrongs relate,
But no forwarning Bird told my approaching (Fate.)
Then as I lean'd on the enamel'd Ground,
I cropt the fragrant Flowers all around;
The various Colours, artfully I plac'd,
And with them pleas'd *Exalis* Bosom dress'd.
To him a Crook and Beachen bowl I gave,
(Did with my careful Hand the last Ingrave,)
One side, with various Silvan Nymphs, I grac'd,
And on the other *Pan* and *Flora* plac'd.
Take these, said I; for all the generous Care,
In which, so oft, my Flocks and I did share;

And when I die, *Exalis* take them too,
Tho' lost to me, they'll Joy to be with you;
Like me, they'r wonted to your gentle Call;
I only grieve their number is so small.
He smil'd to hear the tender things I said,
While grateful looks his pleasing Answers made;
And then half Blushing on his Musick play'd,
List'ning; that dear undoing Face I view'd,
To catch each Smile, which kindly was bestow'd.
But Oh! too long, too long I gazeing sate;
My Soul, with softning Airs, prepar'd by Fate,
Took the Impression of that charming Face,
Which, Smiling, darted Glory round the Place:
A thousand Loves in amorous Fires dresst,
With one dear look pierc'd my too ready Breast:
I thought Heaven's Brightness in those radiant Eyes,
And blusht, and fainted at the soft surprize;
Yet hop'd the mighty Transport would be o'er,
And the gay Youth but please as heretofore:
But oh! you may as soon yon Mountain move,
As raze out the immortal Characters of Love.

Daph. Then with what caution should we guard (the Breast,
And the first glimmering of the Flame resist?

A Flame, so fatal, that it doth Destroy,
In sad *Larinda*, every thought of Joy:
If all kind Breasts are with such torture mov'd,
May I ne'er Love, nor ever be be lov'd?
No; rather let me and my Flocks, be drove
From this fresh Pasture, and delightful Grove;
Confin'd to barren Sands and scorchhing Sun,
Where no Shades near, nor useful Waters run;
Fainted with wandring o'er the fiery Dust,
Famish'd for Food, Parch'd up with Heat and Thirst;
My darling Lambs around me bleat Complaints;
I void of all, that can relieve their Wants:
Yet I'd endure this piercing Scene of Woe;
These utmost ills poor *Daphne*'s State can know;
Rather then Love, should my gay Breast subdue,
With such soft amorous Griefs as torture you;
Ah why, would you indulge the fond desire.
And not at first Stifle the growing Fire?

Lar. At its Approach, with tender warmth were Blest,
The lambent Flame plays, with the sporting Breast,
And give such Joys, none would, or can resist.

No

No Lover yet, could e'er of Forecast Boast,
Percieve no Ruin, till they know they'r lost:
Now with the fondest Flames of Love I burn,
Doom'd to the certain Curse of no return.
When to the fickle Youth, I own'd I lov'd,
His Flocks he straight to *Ida*'s Plains remov'd;
He ne'er returns, to see how mine do fare,
Nor I, nor they, are now no more his Care.
Curse on my Love, which did itself disclose,
By what should keep, I did my Charmer lose;
Now I no more must see his lovely Face,
Hear his inchanting Voice, his melting Lays;
Lays, which in coldest Breasts would Raptures (move
Make the Soul Gay, and ev'ry Pulse beat Love.
Gods! how he'd look and Smile; how was I blest,
When the charm'd Youth, lean'd on my willing, (Breast,
Spake things as soft, as the kind Hand he prest?
But now all's lost, I rage beyond redress,
(He'l ne'er return, nor I e'er Love him less.)
First, I was cautious to conceal my Flame,
Now every Breath repeats his dear Lov'd Name;
I carve, *Exalis* on each smooth bark'd Tree,
That if the mangl'd Woods could vocal be,
They'd surely Curse my fond Barbarity.

Each

Each sigh has such a tender Emphasis,
As moves Compassion, in all Breasts but his:
For all the Swains are Conscious that I Love;
Each Tow'ring Hill, and every humble Grove;
I've tir'd them all, with my incessant Crys,
Ecchoes grown faint, repeating of my sighs:
My Sighs, whose force move ev'ry Bough to (Mourn
In pitying murmurs that I've no return:
Oft do I run to the inviting Shade,
Where first his pleasing Smiles, my Soul betray'd;
There lay me down in the dear sacred Place,
Which kindly once, his lovely Form did Grace;
Then weep his Absence; Rage and Rave in vain,
For oh! I ne'er must be so Blest again;
I try if Slumbers will afford Relief,
But as they sooth, so they augment my Grief.
I clasp him then in my glad wishing Arms,
Gaze on his Eyes, and feast me with his Charms;
But when awake; I rage to find him gone,
To lose the lovely Prize, I thought I'd won.
Search ev'ry Corner of the winding Grove;
Ask every Shade, to give me back my Love.
There silent all, and empty of such Bliss;
In vain I seek for Joys, I'm doom'd to miss:

Too

Too well *Exalis* knows he gives delight,
But he Industriously avoids my sight,
Tho' Prayers, and Tears, and Gifts, and bloom-
(ing Love invite.
If he absents, to cure me 'tis in vain,
For still his bright Idea doth remain,
And ev'ry moment Charms me into Pain.
Other Youths may moderate Passion move;
As he's all lovely, I'm all over Love:
Lost to all else, insensible I seem,
And only know I'm something doats on him
If I would count my Sheep into the Fould,
Forget their number ere they half are told;
And when the Nymphs my heedlesness do blame,
I answer all, by sighing of his Name.
Farewel, my *Daphne*, I must leave thee now,
One pitying Tear, on my sad Fate bestow;
Return thou Glory of the Joyful Grove,
May'st thou be Blest, for may'st thou never Love,
Farewel my once lov'd Flocks, my rural Store;
Larinda now will ne'er regard you more.
But wing'd with Love, to *Ida*'s Plains I'll fly;
Find my *Exalis* out; to see me die.

No longer on my tedious Griefs I'll wait,
That melting Name so often I'll repeat,
Till the soft sound dissolve the Knot of Fate.
Curs'd by his Absence, Life is tedious grown;
Now he shall see what his neglect has done.
While I can gaze, it shall be on his Charms,
And tho' not live; die in those lovely Arms;
But if he envying, think that Bliss too great,
I'll sigh my Soul out, at his careless Feet;
Then let one pitying Look but Grace my Death,
I'll Bless the Cause, with my expiring Breath.

Hear me Great *Pan*, *Sylvanus*, all ye Gods,
Whose sacred Power, protects the Plains and (Woods,
Hear my last Prayer; (to you I oft did Bow,
With Milk and Hony, made your Altars Flow.)
While my sad Shade, mourns in the dusky Grove,
Releas'd from Life; (but not the Pains of Love.)
Bless my *Exalis*, let him know no Cares,
Increase his plenteous Herds, and peaceful Years:
From Fox and Wolf, preserve his tender Lambs,
And with Twin-births, enrich the fruitful Dams.
When his fair Flocks the Shearers care demands,
Luxuriant Fleeces, tire their num'rous Hands.

The

The industrious Bees load their melifluous Hive,
And all his rural Wealth, beyond his Wishes (thrive.
But above all, ye Gods, regard him most,
Save him from parching Sun and piercing Frost:
Shelter him safe, e'er any Storm appear,
And let him be to you, as to *Larinda* dear.

. I bounteous Gods, for plenty first bespoke,
Now for his Pleasures, *Flora* thee invoke:
Let my soft Prayers, thy vernal Glories bring,
Bless *Ida*'s Plains, with glad eternal Spring:
The Pasture gay, no hurtful Weeds be found,
But Pancies, Hyacinths, 'ore spread the Ground;
Mirtle and Firr make every Decent mound:
Let lofty Cedars and the stately Pine,
With mingling Boughs in mutual Shades combine:
Then the delicious Eglantine and Rose,
With fragrant Jess'mine humbler Bowers compose
(Where the dear Youth may oft supinely Rest,
With pleasing Dreams, in Golden slumbers Blest,)
When Heat or Thirst, to flowing Streams invite,
Let sporting Naiads entertain his Sight;
Birds chearful Notes, the Woods and Vallies fill,
From spicy Trees which odourous Gums distil.

A-

Amongst these Aromaticks rich Fruits plac'd,
Fair to the Sight, as those *Hesperian* grac'd,
Which both Invite, and Please the longing Tast.
The cluster'd Boughs, Complaisantly recline,
As if they Joy'd the Gatherers hand to Join,
And all the choicest, still my Love be thine.

And when in Honour, Goddess, to thy Name,
The joyful Swains, in sports their Thanks Proclaim,
Whether they Pipe, or Dance, or Sing, or Play,
May my *Exalis*, bear the Prize away.
From Shepherd's Hands the welcome Garland (wear,
For oh! I Grudge the Nymphs shou'd come so (near)
Yet if 'twill please him best; then smiling come,
And with glad Voices sing the Victor home;
With choicest Flowers strow all the joyful Path,
Gay as his Looks, sweet as his tuneful Breath.
Then some kind Nymph the fragrant Pave- (ment take
His pressing Feet, give double Odours back;
Each Rose, *Anemone*, more Beauteus make:
Let them fresh Mixture with the *Cypress* have,
Then strow them all on my untimely Grave.

They too were Lovers once, tho' now transform'd,
May I like them, to some kind Plant be turn'd;
And when *Exalis*, next in Triumph's led,
Make Poseys for his Breast, and Garlands for his (Head:
Let not the Nymph upbraid, when shes return'd,
My Grave is fill'd, and grac'd with what he scorn'd:
Lest, he relenting, should one Moment grieve,
To save a Sigh, I'd be condemn'd to Live:
With raging Madness, mourn my absent Bliss,
And with my Cries wound every Ear but his.

Here the Nymph fainted with excess of Grief,
And careful *Daphne*, strove to give Relief.

FINIS.